

JIMMY CARTER'S TOUGHEST RACE: EXCLUSIVE PHOTOS

# Sports Illustrated

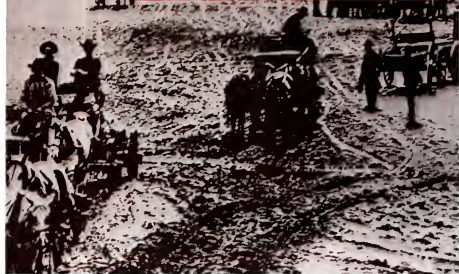
SEPTEMBER 24, 1993 \$1.25

## FLYING START FOR THE IRISH

Vagas Ferguson  
Leads the Way  
Against Michigan



# The Marlboro Country Store



**Range Coffee Pot and Mugs.** Just the smell of coffee brewin' is enough to warm a cowboy in the chill of the morning. The Range Coffee set includes an 8-cup steel pot, with porcelain enamel finish, and four stoneware mugs. \$15.00 for the set.



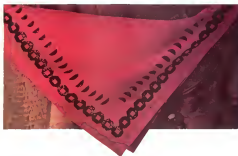
**The Spur Buckle.** This solid brass buckle is a reproduction of an authentic dress spur. Fits belts up to 1 3/4" wide. \$10.00 each.



**Boots.** Specially made for Marlboro. Western toe, double-stitched side seams, and cowboy heel. Sizes: Half sizes from 6 1/2 to 11; also 12 and 13. All D width. \$65.00 per pair.



**Western Shirt.** Warm and traditional cowboy cut. W closures. Color: Midnight. Sizes: Small (ap Medium ( Large (ap X-Large ( \$32.00 ea



**Neckerchief.** No cowboy sp a workin' day in the saddle without a bandana to prote him from swirling dust and burning sun. This red band is screen-printed, 100% cotton and measures approximately 22"x 22" \$4.00 each.

**Special Edition Marlboro Zipp Lighter.** Solid l case, antiqued-fir with a brass minis of the Marl Longhorn de \$6.00 e

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



rugged in the  
oil blend with snap  
blue.  
rox. 14-32),  
pprox. 15-33),  
rox. 16-34),  
pprox. 17-35),  
h.

ads

t

na

e

'ass  
sh,  
are  
oro  
ign.  
ch.



**The Marlboro Coat.** A Western classic. Soft, double-stitched sheepskin on the outside. Inside, warm shearling lamb's wool. Mid-thigh length, with cuffs that turn up for sleeve adjustment. Antler tip buttons. Color: Natural Brown. Even Sizes: 36-46. \$250.00 each.



#### The Trail Blanket.

Gray with red, green and black striping. The kind of blanket that keeps the chill off a cowboy when he sleeps in the open after a day of drivin' cattle. Wool blend: 66"x 84". \$30.00 each.



**Horsehair Hatband.** Hand made of double braided horsehair. Adjusts to fit any size hat. \$17.00 each.

**"The Wrangler."** The spirit of trail-driving days is etched into every line of this cowboy's windburned face. This contemporary poster is printed on linen textured paper and measures 24"x 36", unframed. \$3.50 each.



**The Marlboro Belt and Buckle.** The buckle solid brass. The belt latigo leather, 1 3/4" wide. Small (30-34), Medium (34-38), Large (40-44). \$18.00 for both.



**The Montana.** Made for Marlboro by Setson. This kind of hat has been a Western tradition for more than 100 years. Handcrafted fur felt with a 7-inch crown and a brim 4 inches wide. Shape and crease it to suit yourself—an enclosed leaflet tells you how. Color: Silver Belly. Sizes: Reg. Oval, 6 5/8 to 7 1/4. Long Oval, 6 5/8 to 7 1/2. \$40.00 each.



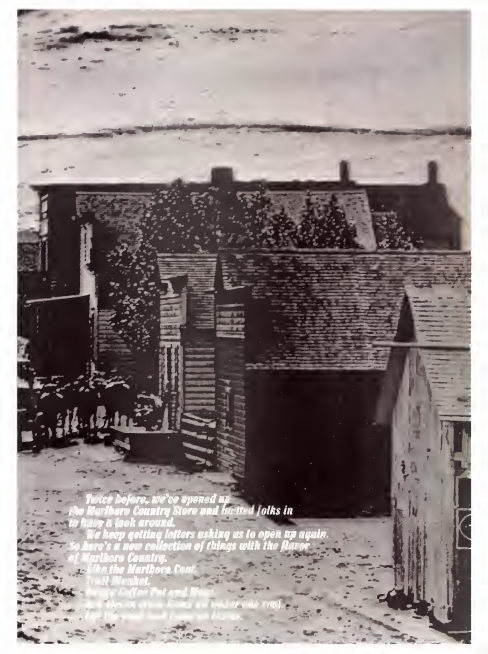
**Cowhide Vest.** Men's extra-long, lined, split cowhide vest. Five snap closures. Color: Beaver Brown. Sizes: 38 to 46. \$35.00 each.

**Professional King Lariat.** This all-purpose ranch lariat is made of hand-stretched nylon and comes ready to use. \$16.00 each.



**Come to where the flavor is. Come to**





*Twice before, we've opened up  
the Marlboro Country Store and invited folks in  
to have a look around.*

*We keep getting letters asking us to open up again.  
So here's a new collection of things with the flavor  
of Marlboro Country.*

*Like the Marlboro Coat  
and Hat.*

*Or the Marlboro Hat and Coat.*

*And the Marlboro Hat and Coat.*

*Let the good food come out of Marlboro.*

# OVER THE COURSE OF TIME, THE TASTE HASN'T ALTERED A DEGREE.



One may detect a certain leeway in the taste of some Scotch from bottle to bottle.

But Cutty Sark, without exception, tastes like Cutty Sark. And people with great taste the world over have come to recognise it.

Perhaps this is why the Cutty Sark drinker can tell instantly if he has been served something other than the genuine article.

So even if your taste for Cutty Sark is only recently acquired, it won't take you long to regard it as "Old Faithful."

# CUTTY SARK

CUTTY SARK, "CUTTY", THE CUTTY SARK LABEL & THE CLIPPER SHIP DESIGN ARE REG. MKS. OF B&W & CO. LTD. LONDON, ENGL.  
THE ABOVE BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLED & BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND IMPORTED BY THE BUCHANAN CORP., N.Y., U.S.A.

## SCOTS WHISKY





# How to read faster

By Bill Cosby



*International Paper asked Bill Cosby—who carried his doctorate in education and has been involved in projects which help people learn to read faster—to share what he's learned about reading more in less time.*

When I was a kid in Philadelphia, I must have read every comic book ever published. (There were fewer of them then than there are now.)

I zipped through all of them in a couple of days, then reread the good ones until the next issues arrived.

Yes indeed, when I was a kid, the reading game was a snap.

But as I got older, my eyeballs must have slowed down or something! I mean, comic books started to pile up faster than my brother Russell and I could read them!

It wasn't until much later, when I was getting my doctorate, I realized it wasn't my eyeballs that were to blame. Thank goodness. They're still moving as well as ever.

The problem is, there's too much to read these days, and too little time to read every word of it.

Now, mind you, I still read comic books. In addition to contracts, novels, and newspapers. Screenplays, tax returns and correspondence. Even textbooks and correspondence. Even textbooks and correspondence. And which techniques help people read more in less time.

I'll let you in on a little secret. There are hundreds of techniques you could learn to help you read

faster. But I know of 3 that are especially good.

And if I can learn them, so can you—and you can put them to use immediately.

They are commonsense, practical ways to get the meaning from printed words quickly and efficiently. So you'll have time to enjoy your comic books, have a good laugh with Mark Twain or a good cry with *War and Peace*. Ready?

Okay. The first two ways can help you get through tons of reading material—fast—without reading every word.

They'll give you the overall meaning of what you're reading. And let you cut out an awful lot of unnecessary reading.

## 1. Preview—if it's long and hard

Previewing is especially useful for getting a general idea of heavy reading like long magazine or newspaper articles, business reports, and nonfiction books.

It can give you as much as half the comprehension in as little as one tenth the time. For example, you should be able to preview eight or ten 100-page reports in an hour. After previewing, you'll be able to decide which reports (or which parts of which reports) are worth a closer look.

Here's how to preview: Read the entire first two paragraphs of whatever you've chosen. Next read only the first sentence of each successive paragraph.



*Learn to read faster and you'll have time for a good laugh with Mark Twain—and a good cry with *War and Peace*.*

Then read the entire last two paragraphs.

Previewing doesn't give you all the details. But it does keep you from spending time on things you don't really want—or need—to read.

Notice that previewing gives you a quick, overall view of long, unfamiliar material. For short, light reading, there's a better technique.

## 2. Skim—if it's short and simple

Skimming is a good way to get a general idea of light reading—like popular magazines or the sports and entertainment sections of the paper.

You should be able to skim a weekly popular magazine or the second section of your daily paper in less than half the time it takes you to read it now.

Skimming is also a great way to review material you've read before.

Here's how to skim: Thank of your eyes as magnets. Force them to move fast. Sweep them across each and every line of type. Pick up only a few key words in each line.

Everybody skims differently.

You and I may not pick up exactly the same words when we skim the same piece, but we'll both get a pretty similar idea of what it's all about.

To show you how it works,

I circled the words I picked out when I skimmed the

following story. Try it. It shouldn't take you more than 10 seconds.

My brother Russell  
thinks monsters  
live in our bedroom  
closet at night. But  
I told him he is crazy.  
Go and check  
then he said  
I didn't want to  
Russell said I was chicken.

"Am not," I said.  
 "Are so," he said.  
 So I told him the monsters  
 were going to eat him at midnight.  
 He started to cry. My Dad came in  
 and told the monsters to beat it.  
 Then he told us to go to sleep.  
 "If I hear any more about  
 monsters," he said, "I'll spank you."  
 We went to sleep fast. And you  
 know something? They never did  
 come back.

Skimming can give you a very good idea of this story in about half



Read with a good light—and with as few friends as possible to help you out. No TV, no music. It helps you concentrate better—and read faster.

the words—and in less than half the time it'd take to read every word.

So far, you've seen that pre-viewing and skimming can give you a general idea about content—fast. But neither technique can promise more than 50 percent comprehension, because you aren't reading all the words. (Nobody gets something for nothing in the reading game.)

To read faster and understand most—if not all—of what you read, you need to know a third technique.

### 3. Cluster—to increase speed and comprehension

Most of us learned to read by looking at each word in a sentence—one at a time.

Like this:

My—brother—Russell—thinks—monsters...

You probably still read this way sometimes, especially when the words are difficult. Or when the words have an extra-special meaning—as in a poem, a Shakespearean

play, or a contract. And that's O.K.

But word-by-word reading is a rotten way to read faster. It actually cuts down on your speed.

Clustering trains you to look at groups of words instead of one at a time—to increase your speed enormously. For most of us, clustering is a totally different way of seeing what we read.

Here's how to cluster: Train your eyes to see all the words in clusters of up to 3 or 4 words at a glance.

Here's how I'd cluster the story we just skimmed:

My brother Russell thinks monsters  
 live in our bedroom closet at night.  
 But I told him he is crazy.  
 "Go and check then," he said.  
 "I didn't want to," Russell said.  
 "I was chicken."  
 "Am not," I said.  
 "Are so," he said.  
 So I told him the monsters  
 were going to eat him at midnight.  
 He started to cry. My Dad came in  
 and told the monsters to beat it.  
 Then he told us to go to sleep.  
 "If I hear any more about  
 monsters," he said, "I'll spank you."  
 We went to sleep fast. And you  
 know something? They never did  
 come back.

Learning to read clusters is not something your eyes do naturally. It takes constant practice.

Here's how to go about it: Pick something light to read. Read it as fast as you can. Concentrate on seeing 3 to 4 words at once rather than one word at a time. Then reread

"Preview, skim, and cluster to read faster—except the things you want to read word for word."



the piece at your normal speed to see what you missed the first time.

Try a second piece. First cluster, then reread to see what you missed in this one.

When you can read in clusters without missing much the first time, your speed has increased. Practice 15 minutes every day and you might pick up the technique in a week or so. (But don't be disappointed if it takes longer. Clustering everything takes time and practice.)

So now you have 3 ways to help you read faster. Preview to cut down on unnecessary heavy reading. Skim to get a quick, general idea of light reading. And cluster to increase your speed and comprehension.

With enough practice, you'll be able to handle more reading at school or work—and at home—in less time. You should even have enough time to read your favorite comic books—and *War and Peace*!

*Bill Cosby*

Years ago, International Paper sponsored a series of advertisements, "Send me a man who reads," to help make Americans more aware of the value of reading.

Today, the printed word is more vital than ever. Now there is more need than ever before for all of us to read better, write better, and communicate better.

International Paper offers this new series in the hope that, even in a small way, we can help.

For reprints of this advertisement, write: "Power of the Printed Word," International Paper Co., Dept. 3-C, P.O. Box 900, Elmsford, New York 10523.



**INTERNATIONAL PAPER COMPANY**

We believe in the power of the printed word.

# DISCOVER KING TUT'S

**TIME  
LIFE  
BOOKS**

Stop the clock of history. Take a fabulous journey  
backward in time with

## GREAT AGES OF MAN

The modern world has never seen such treasures. And they have a special value, for the riches of Tutankhamen taught us infinitely more than we had known about ancient Egyptian life. Yet this is just one episode of high drama you'll find in your introductory volume in the **TIME-LIFE BOOKS GREAT AGES OF MAN** series.

In *Ancient Egypt* you'll read the story of a wondrous civilization that endured for 27 centuries, ruled by mighty god-kings. They immortalized themselves in monumental temples, colossal statues and pyramids (still said to exert powers beyond rational explanation).

**Maps, essays, magnificent photographs—even a guide to reading hieroglyphics!**

*Ancient Egypt* will provide an entertaining, authentic account. And invaluable reference information. You'll find a special 11-page illustrated essay showing how the Great Pyramid at Gizeh was built—by men using the simplest tools, without even the wheel. You'll see how the Rosetta Stone unlocked the mystery of a lost language. After reading this absorbing volume,

you'll appreciate the grace and beauty of an ancient way of life, marvel at a civilization whose mathematicians had established the beginnings of geometry, whose doctors prescribed castor oil!

Here, then, is a panorama of one of the greatest of the **GREAT AGES OF MAN**, yours to enjoy at no charge for 10 days.

**Witness the greatest moments in the drama of civilization.**

In this remarkable series of books you'll explore every exciting chapter from *Cradle of Civilization* and *Early Islam* through *Renaissance* and *The Age of Enlightenment* to our own time, poised on the threshold of outer space.

Sculpture, paintings, architecture and artifacts illuminate the narrative. Villains, heroes, poets, scientists, dreamers, inventors and warriors add to the saga. You'll enjoy an unfolding wealth of knowledge, presented so you can absorb it at your own pace. Surely, your library deserves **GREAT AGES OF MAN**.



Besides these exquisite daggers, the book contained two chariots, 199 books of text.

Explore the realms of the pharaohs in

## ANCIENT EGYPT

**Yours for 10-day FREE EXAMINATION**

### TIME-LIFE BOOKS

Time & Life Bldg., Chicago, Illinois 60611

YES, I would like to examine *Ancient Egypt*. Please send it to me for 10 days' free examination and enter my subscription to the **GREAT AGES OF MAN** series. If I decide to keep *Ancient Egypt*, I will pay \$9.95 plus shipping and handling. I then will receive future volumes in the **GREAT AGES OF MAN** series, shipped one volume at a time, approximately every other month. Each is \$9.95 plus shipping and handling and comes on a 10-day free examination basis. There is no maximum number of books that I must buy, and I may cancel my subscription at any time simply by notifying you.

If I do not choose to keep *Ancient Egypt*, I will return the book within 10 days. My subscription for future volumes will be canceled, and I will be under no further obligation.

BOB2M5

Name  (please print)

Address  Apt

City

State or Province  Zip or Postal code



This bronze pectoral is just one Greek treasure you'll see

Pyramid builders haul enormous blocks from Nile wharves

# 5,000 years of the

# TOMB



When the young Pharaoh died, they filled his tomb with treasures...



Museum of Art  
Photograph by Henry Jones

...3,000 years later an archaeologist found the secret tomb. In the ancient darkness he saw "Gold—everywhere the glint of gold..."



...a golden lioness created by the royal craftsmen...



...the royal anulet, a golden throne, chariot, statue: the treasures of Tutankhamun.

Color photographs by  
Robert Harding  
Color Library



**IMPERIAL ROME**  
100 B.C. to 400 A.D.  
Caesar, Pompey, Anthony, Cleopatra, Nero

**ANCIENT AMERICA**  
Maya, Inca, Aztecs, conquests of Mexico and Peru

**CLASSICAL GREECE**  
Beginnings of democracy, philosophy, science, the Olympics

**ANCIENT CHINA**  
Palaces, emperors, dynasties from 500 B.C. to 907 A.D.

**BARBARIAN EUROPE**  
Early Medieval times: fall of Rome, Vikings, Charlemagne, feudal order

**CRADLE OF CIVILIZATION**  
Man's first cities—Sumer, Babylon, Assyria, Mesopotamia



Ceremonial robes of a chief in the ancient African kingdom of Benin



A triumphal procession nears the Roman Forum



Russian artisans were celebrated for mastery wood carvings.

## world's greatest civilizations.

# KOOL SUPER LIGHTS

Now smøth gets smøther  
and even lower in 'tar.'

A light menthol blend gives low 'tar'  
smokers the smøth taste they want.  
Never harsh tasting. Now you can  
make the smøth move to  
KOOL Super Lights.



© 1995 B&W T Co.

At only 7 mg. 'tar',  
it's lower than all these.



16 mg. 'tar'

10 mg. 'tar'

10 mg. 'tar'

8 mg. 'tar'

7 mg. 'tar', 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

# SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSCHENBAUM

## OLYMPIC HAZE

Southern California last week suffered through its worst siege of smog in nearly a quarter of a century. Day after day a brownish haze hung over the land, causing respiratory problems and prompting the Los Angeles school system and a number of other districts to cancel high school football games and other athletic events. At the Los Angeles Coliseum, where UCLA went ahead with its Saturday night game against Purdue, Bollermaker Fullback Mike Augustyniak, an asthmatic, experienced difficulty breathing, apparently because of the smog, and had to be sidelined periodically.

The severe smog was caused by a combination of sweltering temperatures—they ran as high as 108°—and an “inversion layer,” a cushion of hot air that settled over the Los Angeles basin like an enormous lid, trapping pollutants underneath. Conditions were aggravated by brush fires and a bus strike that resulted in heavier-than-usual automobile traffic. “Second-stage smog episodes,” the term used when ozone readings average more than .35 parts per million over a one-hour period, occurred daily. During second-stage episodes, industry must reduce the emission of pollutants, and residents are advised to curtail driving, stay indoors and avoid strenuous exercise.

One worry raised by the plague of foul air was the question of what might happen if similar conditions prevailed in Los Angeles during the 1984 Olympics. Although dates for those Games have not been set, the likeliest ones would be in late July and early August, when hot weather is probable. Dr. Steven Horvath, an exercise physiologist at the University of California at Santa Barbara, has researched the effect of air pollution on athletes and concluded that at ozone readings of .50 parts per million, which were approached last week on a number of occasions, performances would decrease by 8% to 10%. Of the prospect of smog-bound Olympics, Horvath said, “At the very least there would be a marked de-

crease in performance in distance events. But certain combinations of heat and smog could create a disaster, and I’m talking about athletes keeling over. Symptoms would include acute chest pain, breathing difficulty and burning eyes.”

It is hoped that last week’s apparently freakish siege won’t recur. Still, smog in some quantity or other is very much part of the Los Angeles environment. Accordingly, Horvath suggests that organizers consider holding the ’84 Games when the weather is likely to be cooler—in the spring, for example—or at least scheduling distance events at night. That idea was echoed by Dr. Stanley Rokaw, a Los Angeles pulmonary specialist, who said, “I would be fearful of having marathon runners compete in smog like this.”

## WAIT TILL SOME YEAR

Boston’s Fenway Park and Chicago’s Wrigley Field are the smallest and quaintest parks in the major leagues. The teams that play in them, the Red Sox and Cubs, have endured an extraordinary succession of almoses and might-have-beens and have elevated the late-season collapse to high art. The Cubs last won the World Series in 1908, the Red Sox in 1918—with a six-game defeat of the Cubs. Nevertheless, the two teams are blessed with some of baseball’s most loyal, knowledgeable and resilient fans; they boo, second-guess and die a thousand deaths, but they go out to the ball park, hoping that sooner or later a season will have a happy ending.

This year brought typical disappointment. In mid-July the Cubs and Red Sox appeared poised to take over first place in their respective divisions, and their fans were showing early symptoms of permanent fever. But both teams have since gone into their accustomed swoons. Last week Boston was 14½ games out of first and on the verge of mathematical elimination, and only Carl Yastrzemski’s quest for his 3,000th hit (page 46) enlivened things at Fenway. The Cubs, who were on the road, were also 14½ games

out and they, too, faced elimination.

But wait till next year—or the year after, or the year after that. The Boston Globe ran a cartoon the other day in which the Red Sox were represented as a pack of cigarettes. In the manner of cigarette ads, in one corner of the cartoon was the warning that “being a Red Sox fan is depressing to your health.” The drawing also showed a Boston rooter who could just as easily have been a Cub fan. Wearing a helpless expression, the fellow said, “I just can’t kick the habit.”

## WIN ONE FOR THE HIPPER

Colleges reeling under the high cost of football might be interested in the approach being tried at Phillips University, a small (enrollment 1,350) liberal arts school in Enid, Okla. Founded in 1906,



Phillips fielded strong teams in its early days and boasts among its alumni Steve Owen, who played guard on an undefeated 1919 Phillips team that beat Texas 10-0 in Austin. Owen later gained fame as a longtime (1931-53) coach of the New York Giants and was inducted into the pro football Hall of Fame. But in 1933 Phillips found the costs of football burdensome, and dropped the sport.

The school still doesn’t field a team, at least not one made up of burly, scholarship-consuming college lads. But Phillips is sponsoring an entry in Enid’s YMCA league for third- and fourth-graders. Like many other private colleges, Phillips has been having trouble attracting students, and the administration felt

continued

that the novelty of a "college" football team consisting of 8- and 9-year-olds might help draw attention to the school. And so the Phillips squad, with an offensive line averaging 75 pounds, has joined a six-team league that includes teams sponsored by Pizza Inn, Enid Mack Trucks and Arrington Elevator.

Last Saturday morning the university's pint-sized team beat Mack Trucks 8-0 in an exhibition game that marked Phillips' return to the gridiron after an absence of 46 years. With the regular season scheduled to start this week, complimentary "season tickets" are being distributed to local merchants and to high school students interested in attending Phillips. Win or lose, the university doesn't anticipate any pressure from alumni and it feels it can easily handle the expense of football. The school provides jerseys, but its young players supply the rest of their equipment themselves. Phillips' total outlay for the season: \$150.

#### YOU DO IT

An auto license plate seen in Westport, Conn. reads: OUI-SKI.

#### THE NON-NEGOTIATIONS

Ever since Bill Walton signed with the San Diego Clippers on May 13, everybody in the NBA has been waiting to see what compensation the Clippers would give Walton's former team, the Portland Trail Blazers. It has long been apparent that the two clubs couldn't work out a deal on their own, which leaves it up to NBA Commissioner Larry O'Brien to resolve the matter. Having obtained affidavits from Portland and San Diego officials and other basketball people, O'Brien held two days of hearings last week. He was expected to rule on compensation this week.

According to the *New York Post's* Peter Vecsey, who saw some of the 200 pages of affidavits in the case, the two clubs could scarcely have been farther apart in what clearly amounted to non-negotiations. Vecsey says that Portland offered to buy back Walton's contract for \$1 million. Alternatively, the Blazers demanded as compensation Forward Kermit Washington plus a guard (Randy Smith or Freeman Williams), a center (Sven Nater or Kevin Kunnert), San Diego's top draft choices for the next four years and \$1 million in each of the next five seasons. Cleveland Cavalier owner

Nick Mileti, whose views were solicited, called that demand "grossly excessive," and added, "No player who has ever played in the NBA even approaches [in value] what Portland is asking." But Milwaukee Buck Vice-President Wayne Embury said Portland's demand "falls short of restoring the Blazers to what they were with Walton."

In a laughable counterproposal, San Diego reportedly offered Portland either 1) Smith and next year's top draft pick or 2) Smith and Nater. The Clippers had learned a lesson from the experience of the New York Knicks, who last year signed Seattle Center Marvin Webster and then made the Sonics a realistic compensation offer of Lonnie Shelton and a No. 1 draft choice. The Knicks played their best hand too early. O'Brien wound up sweetening the package by ordering New York to throw in \$450,000 with Shelton and the pick, which greatly discomforted Knick management.

There is obviously something wrong with a negotiating process in which both sides find it prudent to adopt unrealistic positions and then refuse to budge. The situation presumably will be corrected after the 1980-81 season when an NBA team will be at liberty to sign a free agent without making any compensation at all. The player's current club will merely have the right to match any offer.

#### A PATCHY JOB

After the noted bleeder Matthew Saad Muhammad successfully defended his WBC light-heavyweight title against Britain's John Conteh last month in Atlantic City (SI, Aug. 27), ringside observers agreed that he couldn't have done it without veteran cut-man Adolph Ritacco's masterly patching of a nasty gash over Saad Muhammad's left eye. But Conteh's corner cried foul. The New Jersey Athletic Commission had decreed that only petroleum jelly and well-diluted adrenalin chloride could be used on cuts, and the challenger's trainer, George Francis, claimed that Ritacco had employed more potent concoctions.

New Jersey authorities confiscated Ritacco's cut medicine after the fight and, following lab tests, said it contained "substances other than those agreed upon." After a hearing last week, Jersey Joe Walcott, the state athletic commissioner, suspended Ritacco for two months and Nick Belfiore, Saad Muhammad's trainer, for three months. Belfiore drew the stiffer

penalty because he had attended a pre-fight meeting at which the restrictions on cut preparations were announced.

Ritacco dismissed the commission-approved substances by saying, "That stuff works about as good as a styptic pencil." He acknowledged having used a preparation more to his liking—but insisted that it consisted of little more than ground-up tea leaves. Walcott was notably unsympathetic. Noting that, without Ritacco's resourceful cut work, the Atlantic City fight would almost certainly have been stopped and Conteh declared the winner, Jersey Joe said he would urge the WBC to require Saad Muhammad to grant the challenger an immediate rematch.

#### MIGHTY MICHIANA

People who live along the Michigan-Indiana border refer to the area as Michiana, a hybrid name that implies that these two states share a common destiny. Insofar as big-time college sports are concerned, their joint purpose at the moment appears to be to bully the other 48 states. In basketball Michigan State and Indiana State finished one-two in the 1978 NCAA tournament, while Indiana and Purdue did likewise in the NIT.

Michiana is now packing a similar wallop in college football, having placed no fewer than four teams among the nation's top 10 in last week's Associated Press poll—Purdue fifth, Michigan sixth, Notre Dame ninth and Michigan State 10th. Purdue's subsequent 31-21 loss to UCLA and Notre Dame's 12-10 victory over Michigan will necessitate changes in that list. Still, considering that the six Michiana schools herein mentioned are crammed into an area roughly one-twelfth the size of Texas, their prowess is impressive indeed.

#### THEY SAID IT

- Walt Michaels, New York Jet coach: "Everyone has some fear. A man who has no fear belongs in a mental institution. Or on special teams."
- Jack McCloskey, Indiana Pacer assistant coach, after the NBA center released Ann Meyers: "She gave me a little peck on the cheek and a hug. It meant a lot to me. I've never gotten a kiss from a player who got cut."
- Jim Marshall, discussing his job as manager of the last-place Oakland A's: "It makes you rethink the importance of being in the major leagues."

END



# The SEAGRAM'S GIN Perfect Martini.



For a Perfect Martini,  
just pour Seagram's Gin  
gently over ice and  
forget the vermouth.  
Enjoy our quality  
in moderation.



Seagram's. The Perfect Martini Gin. Perfect all ways.

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C. 80 PROOF. DISTILLED DRY GIN. DISTILLED FROM GRAIN.

# COMING OF AGE IN

*Vegas Ferguson, at 22 one of the two old men of the offense, slashed for 118 yards to help set up four field goals*



# ANN ARBOR

*It took about 30 minutes for a young and untested Notre Dame team to grow up, buckle down and put together a 12-10 upset of mighty Michigan*  
by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY



CONTINUED

Last Friday morning Coach Dan Devine sat in the front row of the first of the three buses taking his Notre Dame football team on the 140-mile trip from South Bend, Ind., to Ann Arbor, Mich., trying to pinpoint the personality of his squad. "This group is different," he said. "I think they have a feeling I'll get them out of whatever scrapes they get into during the game. They just have blind faith in me. But I have blind faith in them. . . I have to, because they haven't at any time shown me they have the ability to beat a team like Michigan."

Indeed, there was very much a feeling on the bus trip of lambs being led to the slaughter. Of course, the lambs didn't realize it; they never do. This would be the season opener for a Notre Dame team that, whippersnads had it, was potentially the school's worst in several years. It might even lose four games. That would be a disaster of unspeakable proportions in South Bend; not since 1963 has a Notre Dame team lost more than three games. But it certainly seemed possible, because nearly all the stars of recent glorious moments are gone, including the dazzling Quarterback Joe Montana and the all-time leading Irish ground-pusher, Jerome Heavens. Plus Notre Dame would be playing what the NCAA has announced is the toughest schedule in the land. Shed a tear for the Irish.

As the Michigan countryside rolled by, Defensive Coordinator Joe Yonto talked of life with seven of last year's 11 defensive starters gone and injuries cutting into his slim stock of veterans. "We're so young," he said. "We're eager, enthused—and very trappable." He sighed, then suggested, "But somebody may just rally to the cause. Kids have a surprising way of rising to the occasion." Shed another tear for the Irish.

What happened, of course, is that two kids in particular—a kicker nobody wanted and a linebacker who plays with barely controlled intensity—rose to the occasion. In spades. And with support from the rest of the squad, including a shockingly adept defensive unit, they pulled off yet another miraculous Notre Dame win. But what did you expect? The last time the Irish engaged in such heroics was the game just before this one—the Cotton Bowl, where they tied Houston on an eight-yard pass with no time

remaining and won on the conversion. Last Saturday there was still a full second left when sophomore Linebacker Bob Crable blocked a Michigan field-goal try to preserve the 12-10 win.

Still, by the time the winds of November sweep the Midwest, it may be that neither Michigan nor Notre Dame will be at the top of the football pecking order. That's because both seem a notch or more below championship form, primarily because both may have shortcomings at quarterback.

Michigan is trying to replace all-everything Rick Leach with B.J. Dickey, an unknown from Ottawa, Ohio, who wasn't recruited by other football powers. "All I wanted to do was make the traveling squad," B.J. says. He has far surpassed that modest goal by showing a talent for directing the option, the toughness to turn upfield with the ball when need be and adequate passing ability.

The Irish are trying a little *déjà vu* with Rusty Lisch, who was named the starter in 1977 but was replaced after three games by Montana. Notre Dame then went on to win the national championship. Last year Lisch didn't play a down. On the matter of having lost out once as the quarterback, Lisch is laconic. "I learned a lot," he says.

What?

"That I wasn't as good as Montana."

On Saturday both Dickey and Lisch showed they have plenty of room for improvement, but they also showed enough flair to give hope that, with time, they can move into the class of their predecessors. Indeed, while Lisch had a so-so day—five of 10 passes for 65 yards and one interception—it should be remembered that he was working against a fine defense. He didn't produce a touchdown, but he often got the ball close to the Michigan goal, mainly by giving it to Halfback Vagas Ferguson at every available opportunity. Ferguson responded by gaining 118 yards on 35 carries to set up all of the Irish's field goals.

As for the deceptive Dickey, his best moment came early in the second quarter. The Wolverines had driven 84 yards on their first possession and Bryan Virgil kicked a 30-yard field goal. Now, after a Notre Dame field goal and with Michigan on the Irish 17, Dickey dropped back to pass, but none of his receivers was open. So he darted up the middle for 16 yards to the Notre Dame one. On the next play, Tailback Stan Edwards car-

ried around the left side for the only touchdown of the game and a 10-3 Michigan lead.

Ah, yes, the only touchdown. Enter the name Male into the bulging pantheon of Notre Dame heroes. Chuck Male is the field-goal kicker who calmly booted 4 for 4 at distances of 40, 44, 22 and 39 yards. That gave Male the school record for most field goals in a game. It also gave the Irish all their points. "This is something you dream about," Male said. "Winning a game in front of 100,000 people. If you didn't dream of a day like this, you couldn't be a kicker."

Chuck kicked well in high school, but no college came knocking. Even though he had about a B-plus average, Notre Dame turned him down. Dismayed, Male went to Western Michigan, determined to smarten up and try again. One year later, in September 1976, he entered Notre Dame. Then one afternoon in the spring of '77, Male was kicking footballs when Devine jogged by. "You're kicking the ball pretty good," the coach said. So Chuck became a walk-on and set about the sometimes esoteric, always lonesome job of perfecting his kicking.

During warmups in Michigan Stadium, Male hit two from 50 yards, and his

Stan Edwards scored the only touchdown.



coach, Brian Boulac, told him, "You're on today." Male replied, "I'll hit it if I'm given a chance." Prophetic, that, because he was indeed "given" three opportunities by the Wolverines. Male got his first two field goals after Michigan fumbled, his third after the Irish got down to the Wolverine five but couldn't score and his last with 3:46 to go in the third quarter following a short Wolverine punt.

For most of the afternoon it looked as if Notre Dame were hanging on by Male's toenail. Michigan, it seemed, would explode any moment. Even Devine admitted he felt good about being down only 10-6 at the half. By that time Dickey, Edwards & Co. had rolled up 12 first downs to the Irish's three, had outstrashed Notre Dame by 126 yards to 43 and had completed six of 10 passes for 86 yards. Dur-

fell on the ball. But on third and seven, Tackle Don Kidd sacked Dickey for a seven-yard loss.

With six minutes left Devine sent Reserve Quarterback Mike Courty in to run the ball because Lisch had a sprained left ankle. At least Courty told his teammates he would run the ball. But he passed—and was intercepted on the Irish 44. Courty buried his head and asked, "Can you believe I did that?" Said Assistant Coach Ron Toman, "No."

On its next possession, Michigan



by bowling into the end zone from the one

ing the break Devine told his troops, "You're gonna have to give a little more, dig down a little deeper." Which the faithful did. In the third quarter the Wolverines earned not one first down.

The fourth quarter started with Notre Dame on top 12-10, but it seemed unlikely the Irish would hold on, especially when Ferguson fumbled on his own 35 and Michigan's Curtis Greer



to cap a 14-play, 80-yard Michigan drive

tried another quarterback, John Wampler, who drove the Wolverines from their own 42, with 2:02 to play, down to the Irish 25, with seven seconds to go. In came Virgil for a 42-yard field-goal attempt. Despite the 30-yarder he had kicked earlier, Virgil may have been in a bad frame of mind, what with having punted poorly, including one boot that went only five yards. Now, with six seconds left, the ball was put down by Dickey, whereupon Bob Crable vaulted up in the center of the Notre Dame line—his hands seemed to reach about 15 feet in the air as he climbed on the backs of his teammates—and blocked the ball with his left hip. Was he sur-



and send Wolverine fans into a fit of ecstasy

prised it was open over center? "It was not open over center," said Crable. What? George Kelly, the Irish linebacker coach, said of Crable, who also had 10 solo tackles and two assists, "He just does goofy things."

Michigan Coach Bo Schembechler, who treats a football game with all the lightheartedness that George Patton treated war, was tight-lipped. "We had problems offensively," he said. To say the least, Schembechler's team was uncharacteristically disorganized. For example, twice in three plays in the second quarter the Wolverines were penalized for delay of game, and an illegal-substitution penalty in the final series of the game drove them back, perhaps just enough that the unsettled Virgil struck his final kick at too low a trajectory in an effort to compensate.

Michigan had plenty of other chances to win, especially considering that in the second half Notre Dame tried three passes, completed none and suffered two interceptions.

"I didn't say we played a perfect game," said Devine. No, indeed. But it wasn't bad for turning a lot of skeptics into believers.

# JIMMY CARTER RUNS INTO THE WALL

*It happens—sudden, utter exhaustion—to a lot of inexperienced road runners who try too hard too soon, but when the tottering competitor happens to be the President of the United States, it can be a frightening moment* **by SARAH PILEGGI**



*Dr. Lukash (196) and a Secret Service man are at Jimmy Carter's side as he begins to falter*



Perhaps it was a measure of Jimmy Carter's political guts that he chose to make his debut as a road racer at this shaky juncture in his Presidency. The best he could hope for was to finish 350th or so in the field of 750 that started in last week's 10-kilometer Catocin Mountain (Maryland) Park Run. That's not bad for a man in his 50s who's been running for less than a year, but it's hardly heroic. At worst, he could look foolish, a matter of little consequence to the average middle-aged jogger, but one of some importance to a man whose future hangs on his public image.

But there he was Saturday morning, jogging down the road from Camp David, with Rosalynn in a blue warmup suit on one side and Dr. William Lukash, the White House physician, in running

clothes on the other, moving toward the starting line where hundreds of impatient runners bobbed in place. As the President's party approached, the runners and spectators, most of them relatives of the competitors, burst into cheers. Mrs. Carter peeled off into the crowd, while Carter removed his blue warmup jacket, pinned on his No. 39, pulled up his black (yes, black) socks and donned a yellow headband that drew his eyebrows upward and gave him an anxious and vulnerable look. Then he slipped under the rope and headed into the pack,

right where a 50-minute 10-K man is supposed to be. Photographers and cameramen craned their necks and squinted through their long lenses, trying to locate their target. But Carter had melted into the crowd.

Don Kardong, the fourth-place finisher in the 1976 Olympic marathon, was ushered into the front row along with other world-class runners such as Herb Lindsey and Hern Atkins. Kardong began bouncing on tiptoe, trying to see Carter over the mass of heads. "I finally spotted him," he says. "He looked like



*Pale and gasping, the sagging Carter is attended by another Secret Service risk (885) as he is led away*



any other novice runner, worried about the miles ahead and his own ability to handle them."

On a scale of difficulty of 1 to 10, the Catoctin Mountain course is an 8, according to veteran road runners. Its first mile is up a hill, and though not an extraordinarily steep grade, the climb requires a well-tuned sense of one's own pace. After that, the course is all uphill or downhill, except for four-tenths of a mile, which is flat. "There'll be no record made here," said Dave Theall of *TrackMaster* magazine. "This is a survival course."

*continued*



*Before the race, the President and Mrs. Carter jog down to the starting line from Camp David.*

**JIMMY CARTER** *continued*

Carter, Dr. Lukash and Tom McFadden, the superintendent of Catoctin Mountain National Park, which includes Camp David, had dreamed up the race while out jogging one day last spring, and Carter had since run the course, informally, four times. His best clocking, he

said, had been 50 minutes. On the day of the race, he said afterward, he was trying to cut his time to a personal best of 46 minutes.

"The course should be an advantage for him," said Glynn Wood, the editor of *TrackMaster*, the night before the race. "He'll have no trouble finishing. It's just a question of how fast he'll do it."

Off Carter's record, Wood's prediction seemed sound. The President is a serious runner and an instinctively fierce competitor at everything. Since early last fall when he took up running regularly on the White House grounds and, on some weekends, at Camp David, he has increased his daily distances to as many as seven miles. His longest runs, usually on park roads around Camp David, were up to 10 and 12 miles. While increasing his distance, Carter reduced his weight from 157 to 149 and his pulse rate at rest from 60 to 40.

The President is a typical born-again runner—his last fling at the sport had been in 1943, when he was a member of the plebe cross-country team at the Naval Academy—and an enthusiast who, according to Dr. Lukash, has "probably read and absorbed every popular book on the subject." In a recent interview with *The New York Times*, he said, "I start looking forward to it almost from the minute I get up. If I don't run, I don't feel exactly right. I carry a watch, and I can click off a mile in 6½ minutes when I really turn it on."

As the field started up the first hill on a cool, clear morning that was perfect for running, Lindsey, the silver medalist in the 5,000 at this year's Pan-Am Games, led the pack. Somewhere in his rear, Colman McCarthy, a 41-year-old

*The President, who slipped into the center of the pack without fanfare, as before a runner of his middling ability, is all but obscured as the race gets under way.*





columnist for *The Washington Post*, was running as close to Carter as the Secret Service men, who were keeping to Carter's pace, would let him get. McCarthy says that Carter's time for that first up-hill mile was 8.25, and after that the President picked it up to about a 7:45 pace. All went smoothly as the runners approached the turnaround, about 2½ miles from the start, where the course doubles back on itself.

After that, the course starts up another long, rather steep hill, and Carter's pace slowed. While he passed the only water station on the route he reached out for a cup, but as often happens in races, he came up empty and kept going. Some of the runners around him walked on that hill, but Carter did not. Approaching the crest, the President began to stagger. McCarthy, now running on Carter's right, wrote in the *Post* the next day, "His face was ashen. His mouth hung open, and his eyes had an unfocused look."

Dr. Lukash and a Secret Service man who had been running immediately behind the President hustled over and supported him under the arms. Carter tried to continue, but his legs were obviously no longer in working order. Still supported by Lukash and the Secret Service man, he staggered to the top of the hill, where, about 100 yards short of the entrance to Camp David, he stopped.

An ambulance arrived, but no move was made to put Carter in it. A few minutes later, assisted by Dr. Lukash, the President got into a private car, which turned into the entrance to Camp David and disappeared.

Meanwhile, back at the finish line Lindsey had won in 30:00.1, 37.4 seconds ahead of Dan Rincon, who came in 37.5 seconds ahead of the third-place Kardong. The first to finish in Carter's division, the 50-59 age group, was 53-year-old Herbert Chisholm in 36:43. Then came 56-year-old Glenn Coleman. The crowd had heard nothing of Carter's difficulty. "If the President is going to get an award, he's going to have to hurry," said the man on the P.A. microphone. "There are two guys in his age group already."

Reporters interviewed the First Lady as she waited for her husband's arrival. "He had liquids, I know that," she said when she was asked about his pre-race breakfast. "but he was up before I was, so I don't know what they were."

Kardong, again hoping for a glimpse of the President, was standing nearby when he saw a message being passed by a White House staffer to the announcer. "He's not going to finish here," the announcer told Kardong quietly. Then the word was out that Carter had been forced to drop out of the race after 3½ miles. Mrs. Carter was escorted away and rumors began to fly.

A Washington internist said he had come upon the scene as Carter faltered and had been shocked at how bad he looked. "If a man came into my office looking like that, I'd assume he'd had a heart attack," he said.

"He could have been hyperventilating," someone else said. "He just went out too hard," said another. "Poor guy. He has such bad luck," said a third.

After a time, the commotion quieted. Word had come from the White House staff that the President was O.K., and the crowd settled on the grass to listen to a bluegrass band and to await the awards ceremonies. At about 2 p.m. there was a stir on the hill behind the audience. Turning, the crowd saw the President approaching the platform, smiling broadly and apparently as fit as a bluegrass fiddle. Dr. Lukash, who had examined Carter, said later there was no concern that he was "in good physical condition." The voice on the microphone announced that the President of the United States would be presenting the awards, and the crowd cheered.

"They had to drag me off," said the beaming President, still dressed in running shorts and sweat shirt. "I didn't want to stop."

When Kardong came up to receive his third-place trophy, he invited Carter to race in Spokane, Kardong's hometown. "I don't know if you'll enjoy the race more than this one," he added, "but I promise the course will be flat." The President roared with laughter.

After Carter and the reporters and the photographers and, finally, most of the runners and spectators had left, it occurred to Kardong that he should have said more. "I should have told him about my bouts with side stitches and leg cramps and exhaustion," the veteran marathoner said, "and about the times my stomach and I have had violent discussions about running. I wanted to say, 'Hang in there guy,' like I might to any beginning runner who's lost a battle with a hilly course."

END



A revivified Carter hands out the trophies



The President got cheered, his aids got jeered

# LOOKING FOR AN ARGUMENT? THEN NAME YOUR MVP

*A case can be made for five American Leaguers, but Don Baylor and Ken Singleton have precedent on their side* **by RON FIMRITE**



*California's Baylor and Baltimore's Singleton are nose to nose for most valuable, but K.C.'s George Brett is hanging in. Boston's Fred Lynn and Jim Rice are longer shots*

If, as they say, it takes one to know one, then Frank Robinson should certainly be able to recognize a Most Valuable Player when he sees one. "What you look for," says Robinson, the only man to win an MVP award in each league, "is this. Is the player steady? Does he drive in the important runs? And is he the guy you'd like to see at the plate for you with two outs in the ninth and the winning run on base?" Such a paragon, suggests Robinson, who is now a Baltimore coach, may be found in the person of Oriole Outfielder Ken Singleton.

"He's been the big guy for us offensively all year," says Robinson. "Right now it has to be between him and Don Baylor for MVP in our league." Probably, but not necessarily, because strong arguments may be made in behalf of Kansas City's George Brett, who at week's end led the league in hits and triples, was tied for the lead in runs scored and tied for third in batting average, and Boston's Fred Lynn and Jim Rice, who are enjoying virtually identical magnificent seasons. But Singleton and the California Angel? Baylor is playing for potential division champions, and the

members of the Baseball Writers Association of America, who determine that MVP recipient, habitually favor front-runners.

It is not that Singleton and Baylor lack credentials to support their candidacies. Baylor had hit 34 homers, was leading the majors with 134 runs batted in and was tied for the major league lead in runs scored with 112. Singleton also had 34 homers, had driven in 109 runs and, with his 103 walks, had an impressive on-base percentage of .419. Both were hitting over .300. Numbers aside, these two 10-year veterans have much that is good—and bad—in common. Neither is particularly famous, despite his obvious ability; each has played in every one of his team's games; both have been afflicted with sore throwing arms; both are indebted to Robinson—Baylor for Rebby's advice on hitting, Singleton for his sage words on fielding—and each is the sort of good guy who deserves to finish first.

And yet they are dissimilar players. Baylor bats right; Singleton is a switch hitter. Baylor is that rarity, a power hitter who seldom walks or strikes out. He had struck out only 47 times and walked 67 times. As he sees it, his role is to get the bat on the ball and "keep it in play." Singleton had 107 strikeouts to go with his walks, but he is acknowledged to be one of the most intelligent hitters in the game, a lousy swinger who, in the tradition of Ted Williams, would rather accept a base on balls than take one of his hefty cuts at a bad pitch. "It's incredible how many times he'll get hits off 3-1, 3-2 pitches," says Oriole Pitcher Steve Sione. "He either walks or gets a pitch he can hit. He won't swing at that breaking ball below the knees or the sneaky fastball away from the plate. He won't get himself out. He puts the pressure on the pitcher." Baltimore Manager Earl Weaver concurs, saying, "Ken refuses to swing at the pitcher's pitches."

Baylor, who at 6' 1" and 195 is built like a heavyweight contender, is a swift and canny base runner who has stolen as many as 52 bases in a season. Singleton, 6' 4" and 211 pounds, has stolen two bases in the last three years and is sorely deficient in what Robinson, some-

what redundantly, calls "foot speed."

Last year, neither Baylor nor Singleton could throw a baseball through a spider's web. Baylor's arm has always been considered as useful as adenoids. Indeed, he has not been able to throw authoritatively since he separated his right shoulder making a tackle in a high school football game in his native Austin, Texas. No one has questioned his ability to catch a baseball or, with his speed, to catch up with one, but his arm encourages, rather than deters, base runners. As a result, he had been obliged until this year to work mostly as a designated hitter. In only 56 of the 158 games he appeared in last season did he play defense—39 in the outfield, 17 at first base. Baylor has never been satisfied being half a player, and he has worked mightily to overcome his throwing weakness. He concludes, however, that "once you get a reputation, it's hard to get rid of it."

Every spring, he says, his manager at the moment will cordially assure him that he will see more service in the field. But when the season starts, his glove remains in his locker. That has changed somewhat this year. He has proved a useful fill-in for regular outfielders Joe Rudi and Dan Ford, when those worthies have been injured, and of late he has played leftfield when the opposing pitcher is right-handed and has usually been the DH only against lefties. Under this arrangement—which Manager Jim Fregos uses to get the bat of lefty DH Willie Aikens into the lineup—Baylor has been out there hand in glove about half the time. He has worked regularly with a Nautilus "pullover" device to strengthen his throwing arm, and the results have been encouraging.

"He is throwing better this year than he has in the last 12," says teammate Bobby Grich, who should know, because he and Baylor began their professional careers together a dozen years ago in Bluefield, W. Va. Baylor argues—a bit defensively—that throwing from the outfield may be an overrated talent, anyway. "I try to get rid of the ball to the cut-off man as quickly as possible," he says. "Guys with the good arms are not always accurate."

continued

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN HUBNERGARTH



Until two years ago there were few complaints about Singleton's throwing. Despite his slowness afoot, he was regarded as a competent outfielder who could gun down a gambling runner with the best of them. Then in 1977 his right arm began to hurt. "I reached the point where I had one good throw a game in me," he recalls. "It got worse and worse. My fingers would be asleep. I was losing power in the grip of my right hand." The trouble was diagnosed as a bone chip in his right elbow, an errant particle that might have been aflint, it developed, since he had pitched in the Little League back home in Mount Vernon, N. Y. The

son, and his total of 34 is 10 more than in any previous year.

Singleton, 32, and Baylor, 30, seem just now to be approaching the potential predicted for them a decade or so ago. Singleton was drafted in 1967 by the Mets following his freshman year at Hofstra University on Long Island. After three-plus seasons in the minors, he joined the parent team in 1970, an unpropitious time, as it turned out. "They had just won the world championship," Singleton says, "so they stayed with the people who had won it for them. I was used to playing every day, so I was disappointed." After hitting .245 in 298 times at bat in

Baylor was known as a player who could hit for average and power—and steal a base in the bargain. Weaver cautiously forecast that Baylor would be an MVP candidate by 1978, which, in fact, he was. But he would not be one under Weaver, who chose to platoon him in the outfield. In 1975, playing more than he had before—145 games—Baylor hit 25 homers and seemed on the verge of breaking loose. Then he was traded to Oakland in time for Charlie Finley's systematic demolition of the team that had won him three world championships. Baylor, who hit only .247 seemed right at home in this desolating atmosphere.

"It took me a year and a half to get over that trade," he says now. He endured only one season under Finley, declaring himself a free agent and accepting Angel owner Gene Autry's millions at the end of the 1976 season. Alas, he was famous that year primarily for his wealth. When fellow free agents Grich and Rudi succumbed early to injuries, Baylor survived as the only plutocrat in the lineup of a losing team. The fans did not take kindly to his privileged presence, even though he hit 25 homers, so, with the other millionaires infirm, he became the sole object of their anger and frustration.

"I think it strengthened his character," says Grich. "He took it all. He wasn't bitter. He didn't fight back with any sort of verbal barrage. There isn't a finer gentleman around, and that year he showed everyone what kind of man he is."

Some good came of the ordeal, too, because Robinson, then coaching in Anaheim, persuaded Baylor to drop his bat six inches while hitting, so that he might have a better chance at connecting with inside pitches. Baylor says he feels the "character-building" 1977 season helped him meet a crisis that developed this year when yet another celebrated free agent, Rod Carew, tore a ligament in his right thumb on June 1 and was out of the lineup for almost two months. The run-production responsibility fell to Baylor, who had hit 34 homers and driven in 99 runs in '78. "I knew when Carew went out that we were going to miss one of the best—if not the best—hitters in baseball," he said last week. "But you can only get yourself in trouble by saying, 'I gotta take up the slack.' I just decided to do my job. A lot of other guys—Willie Aikens, Brian Downing,

continued

## CANDIDATES WITH SOLID CREDENTIALS

*All five have a claim. Baylor leads as RBIs, Best in hits, Lynn in average and Rice in total bases. Singleton? His Orioles are the only team certain to win*

	Games	At bats	Hits	Avg	Runs	RBI	DBI	Trpl	HR	SB	TB
BAYLOR	149	582	176	.301	112	134	32	2	34	21	314
SINGLETON	147	530	160	.302	90	109	29	1	34	2	292
BRETT	146	610	200	.328	112	100	41	19	21	14	342
LYNN	135	492	166	.337	106	114	38	0	37	2	315
RICE	145	570	187	.328	108	118	35	6	37	8	345

chap was removed and his ulnar nerve shifted by surgery in December of 1977. He was advised that he would not fully recover the use of his arm for a year, a prognosis that proved depressingly accurate.

"Last year," Singleton says, "I couldn't throw a ball from here to there," despite painstaking 20-minute warmups before every game. In 141 appearances as an outfielder he had only one assist, and that, he confesses, was a fluke. "I dropped a fly ball and threw to second for a force." The sore arm also affected his righthanded hitting. He batted only .233 from the right side, as opposed to .313 from the left, and hit only four home runs in 150 times at bat as a righty. Singleton occasionally worked on a Nautilus machine in the off-season, and this year he feels he is throwing as well as he ever did. And, he says, Robinson has taught him to be more aggressive in chasing fly balls. "Last year," says Robinson, "he spent a lot of time looking for the centerfielder"—an approach made necessary, Singleton protests, "because I couldn't throw." With a good arm, he has also hit 10 righthanded homers this year, more than he has ever had in a full sea-

son. In 1971, he was traded to Montreal, where he would play every day, but for a team that was scarcely a contender. Despite some good seasons—he hit .302 with 103 RBIs in 1973—he "toiled," as Steve Stone puts it, "in obscurity." He joined the Orioles in 1975 and promptly hit .300. Still, because Baltimore did not qualify for the playoffs, he remained hidden back there in obscurity.

This year has been different. The Orioles have been winning virtually from the outset, and Singleton has been their most visible attraction. "Everybody wants to know who a winner is," he says, meaning not only himself but his teammates. "There are a lot of guys on this team—Rich Dauer, Gary Roenicke, Eddie Murray, Mike Flanagan—who people will want to know about. We're going to put Baltimore back on the baseball map."

Along with Grich, Baylor had been something of a minor league phenom when he joined the Orioles full time in 1972—after brief appearances the previous two years. He was even considered by some experts to be the likely successor to Frank Robinson, who had only recently been traded away. Like Robinson,

*Alive with pleasure!*  
**Newport**



*After all, if smoking  
isn't a pleasure,  
why bother?*



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May 1978.

# "I never knew gold rum tasted like this."



Whiskey



American Blend



Canadian



Puerto Rican Gold Rum

**If you're still drinking whiskey on the rocks...**

**it's because  
you haven't  
tasted  
gold rum  
on the rocks.**

That's the reaction that's made Puerto Rican Gold Rum one of the most popular and fastest growing liquors in America today.

People try it once. Then again and again.

Either on the rocks, or with a dash of soda or your favorite mixer. Any way you try it, Gold Rum is the smooth, delicious alternative to bourbons, blends, Canadians — even Scotch.

Try the delicious Gold Rums of Puerto Rico.

The first sip will amaze you. The second will convert you.

**Make sure the rum is Puerto Rican.**

The name Puerto Rico on the label is your assurance of excellence.

The Puerto Rican people have been making rum for almost five centuries. Their specialized skills and dedication result in a rum of exceptional taste and purity.

No wonder over 85% of the rum sold in this country comes from Puerto Rico.

**PUERTO RICAN RUMS**  
Aged for smoothness and taste.

For free "Light Rums of Puerto Rico" recipes write: Puerto Rican Rums, Dept. 1-11, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y. N.Y. 10019 © 1978 Commonwealth of Puerto Rico

Bobby Grich—picked up the slack."

But no one picked up more than Baylor. He tore a ligament in his left hand in early June, but he played on. The injury led to a miserable slump that month, when he hit only .195 and lost 53 percentage points from his batting average. The hand improved in July, and so did Baylor—dramatically. He hit .349 for the month, driving in a one-month club record of 34 runs and hitting 11 homers. By the All-Star break, he had 85 RBIs, and Baylor, habitually a slow starter, knew he was having an extraordinary season. He has a virtual lock on the RBI title, and as of last weekend, he had missed only two turns at bat, having retained early from a lopsided game with Boston in June.

Baylor and Singleton were running apace last week. Singleton tied a Wednesday night game against Toronto (which the Orioles eventually lost) with his 33rd home run and won a Friday night game for Stone against the Red Sox with a game-tying homer—number 34—and a game-winning, bases-loaded single. Baylor drove in two decisive runs Thursday night in Milwaukee as the Angels defeated the Brewers 8-7 and moved four games ahead of Kansas City.

But Kansas City refuses to die, and the biggest reason for that is George Brett. Should the Royals overtake the Angels and win the American League West, Brett would undoubtedly replace Baylor as MVP co-favorite with Singleton. He is winding up an outstanding season, and one hit last week emphasized the point. The Royals were tied with Seattle when Brett came to bat in the bottom of the 11th inning. He already had three hits in a row—two singles and a triple. Now he added a home run, winning the game. The hit was his 200th of the season, his 21st home run and his 100th run batted in. It raised his batting average to .330, second best in the league, eight points behind Lynn.

Brett's heroics notwithstanding, as Milwaukee Manager George Bamberger says, "If the California Angels didn't have Don Baylor there is no way they'd be where they are now." He pauses a moment to take in the import of his remark. "And the same goes for Singleton and the Orioles. What those two guys have done is unbelievable. It's too bad they can't have a tie for the MVP. They both deserve it."

END

## Push the button for 'Instant playback' of phone messages.



Wherever you go, get your stored messages played back to you automatically, from Record a Call® 80A, the incredible telephone answering machine with built-in Remote control and Voice actuation.

At home, Record a Call® 80A answers your phone and reliably takes messages with our exclusive Voice actuation (allowing the caller to speak as long as he wishes without artificial time limits). When you are away, just dial your number, 'beep' into the phone with your pocket-sized decoder and Record a Call® 80A will play back your messages.

Advanced built-in features include: Twin Cassettes, Ring adjust, Silent monitor, Rapid rewind, Fast forward, Flashing message light and AC power. Models available at fine stores everywhere: Auto 60A; VOX® 70A and Remote 80A.



## Record a Call®

The best answer for quality and reliability

F.A.D. Avanti, Inc. • 16350 Candy Avenue, Paramount, California 90763

## See the fury, hear the sounds!



Powerful,  
pocket-size binoculars—  
guaranteed for life.

SPORT  
CASTER  
\$179.95

FUJINON, whose broadcast lenses deliver most of the close-up sports action on TV brings you the same optical excellence in the SPORTCASTER. The world's only high quality 7x24 binocular with a built-in AM radio earphone equipped. For the sights alone, choose the 7x24 or 9x24 SPORTVIEWER. All are warranted free of material or manufacturing defects for as long as you own them (radio 90 day limited warranty).



SPORTVIEWER  
7x24 / 9x24  
\$164.95 / \$179.95

Fujinon Optical Inc.  
Department 024  
672 White Plains Road  
Scarsdale, New York 10583

If there is no dealer near you, order directly. Major credit cards accepted.

FUJINON

## museum collections INC



OUR NEW CATALOG—  
FREE AND FULL  
OF WONDERFUL SURPRISES

Evergreen lasting handmade Christmas tree framed with colorful miniature toys protected under glass dome \$20.00 Order No. 1135 \$1.75 postage and handling

Just one inspiration from our newest Museum Collections catalog filled with antiques, superb reproductions, handcrafts and Christmas treasures. Ask for your free copy call toll-free 1-800-243-4492.

(in Connecticut 203-661-2400) or write Museum Collections Inc. Dept. 51 P.O. Box 7000 Greenwich Connecticut 06830

A Time Incorporated Company

# THE U.S. ROOKIES WERE ROUGH RYDERS

*The U.S. was missing a few big names at The Greenbrier, but the Europeans were soundly defeated again anyway*

by DAN JENKINS

**B**ecause what used to be called the Great Britain-Ireland team was supposedly strengthened by the addition of two strong Spanish players and the Americans were supposedly weakened by having too many rookies, last week's Ryder Cup matches were expected to be very close. It was thought they might even come down to a last pressure putt, on which would hang the honor of flag and country. And for two days and much of a third the series was indeed more suspenseful than usual. But then the visitors ran into some kids who felt they were back playing college matches, and in a matter of an hour or so the whole affair turned into another rout for the good old U.S. of A.

Our leading patriots in the singles competition, in which the issue was ultimately decided, were Larry Nelson, Tom Kite, Mark Hayes, Andy Bean and finally John Mahaffey—all of them considerable names on the pro tour but rookies in international team competition. They had been sent out early against some of the best players Great Britain and Europe could muster. And because they were the ones who were the most excited about playing for the U.S. in the first place, it was more than fitting that they did the job.

After two days of best ball and four-somes play at The Greenbrier resort in White Sulphur Springs, W. Va., the U.S. had taken an 8½-7½ lead, mostly because of the partnership of Larry Nelson and Lanny Wadkins, who were undefeated in four matches, three of them blistering triumphs over the Spanish two-some of Severiano Ballesteros and Antonio Garrido. The home folks needed something like that. The U.S. was playing without Jack Nicklaus, who failed to qualify for the Ryder Cup team for the first time since he became eligible; Tom Watson, who departed just before play began to attend the birth of his first child, a daughter; and Ben Crenshaw, another non-qualifier. So it was a pleasant surprise that this somewhat un-

likely combination of Wadkins, a Ryder Cup veteran who is reckoned temperamental, and Nelson, who has a reputation for unflappability, produced four of the U.S. points going into the showdown.

In Sunday's decisive head-to-head matches, Nelson kept it up. The luck of the blind draw put him against Ballesteros, and all the straight-hitting Nelson did was bury Seve, the visitors' biggest gun, with three birdies on the three opening holes, plus three others further along. He ended up whipping the British Open champion 3 and 2.

It was the start of the American drive to victory. Earlier, Wadkins, who had never lost in Ryder Cup play, had run into a very tough Scot named Bernard Gallacher, and Gallacher had given the Europeans hope by stunning Wadkins, 3 and 2, evening the team score.

Now it was time for Kite to give it the rookie try, and some try it would have to be, because he was three down to Britain's Tony Jacklin with only eight holes to play. Kite promptly ripped off birdies at the 11th, 12th and 13th holes, and suddenly he had drawn even. Then an eight-iron shot to within kick-away distance of the cup on the 16th got him his fifth birdie in a stretch of eight holes and all but sewed up the win over Jacklin that started the landslide.

The day before, Kite had hit a beautiful iron into the pin on the 17th, and his partner, Hale Irwin, had allowed him to try an eight-foot birdie putt before he struggled for his own par. The putt fell in, which said everything one needed to know about the attitude of the young U.S. team. Fired up.

"What was the strategy in letting Tom putt first?" Irwin was asked.

"I let him putt," Irwin replied, "because his eyes were this big!"

On his way back to the course on Sunday to see what his teammates were up to, Kite ran into Mark Hayes, who had just holed a 10-foot birdie putt on the last green to nail Garrido and give the U.S. a 12-9 lead.

"Way to go, babe," said Kite, as he and Hayes bumped directly into one another. "Awright!" said Hayes.

Kite and Hayes then quickly went out on the 18th green and waited for John Mahaffey to protect a one-up lead on Brian Barnes. It had just gone up on the board that Andy Bean had defeated Britain's Michael King, 4 and 3, so the young Americans knew that a Mahaffey victory would clinch at least a tie in the match, and, under the rules, the Cup would be retained by the defending country.

When Mahaffey got home with his win, Kite and Hayes were the first to leap onto the green and congratulate him. Kite had been saying all week that he had not been so nervous on a golf course since he played for the University of Texas. Now on Greenbrier's 18th green, there were three very happy former colleagues who had done the job not for money, just for pride. It was the University of Texas (Kite) embracing the University of Houston (Mahaffey) and both of them embracing Oklahoma State (Hayes).

Only one more match would truly matter, and moments later it was settled when Irwin finished demolishing Des Smyth, 5 and 3. The win guaranteed a U.S. victory. That a couple of old pros, Lee Trevino and Hubert Green, who were still on the course, would win their matches, too, mattered only in the final tabulations, which read 17-11.

The kids had done it earlier. Nelson had gone undefeated in five matches, four of them against none other than Ballesteros. Nelson, whose single previous experience at match play occurred seven years ago, wanted to give Wadkins the credit. "He coached me through those team matches," he said. "I didn't even know how to mark my ball in match play. He made most of the birdies. I just kept driving it in the fairway."

Hayes, too, deserved credit. He had arrived as a last-minute substitute for Watson and was able to play only the quick-set of practice rounds among the oaks, maples and hickory trees that spill down





PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES DRAKE

*The star combo was Cup veteran Wadkins (left) and Nelson, who as a team won four matches*

sition, in his envelope. Casper put Trevino's name in. Why? "I was told to put down the name of a player I wanted to protect," said Casper. "I thought putting in Lee's name meant he was guaranteed to play. It was just the opposite."

On Sunday morning Casper learned the truth and asked Jacobs if he could please have the U.S. envelope back. Rather than cause a scene, the Europeans agreed. Casper took Trevino's name out and put Gil Morgan's in. Morgan, who had dislocated his left shoulder when he fell on Friday, and James did not play, but each earned half a point for his team. Having gotten his envelope back, Casper now had the benefit of seeing the British-European lineup, so he put Trevino against Sandy Lyle, in the cleanup spot.

It might well have mattered if the Ryder Cup had been decided by the last match and Trevino had won it. But the rookies had taken care of everything earlier. As long as Nelson and Kite and Hayes and Bean and Mahaffey were out on the golf course, Trevino could have stayed in the envelope.

END

the ball from the enormous and elegant hotel. He even missed hearing the Radford (Va.) University band play a variety of national anthems at the opening ceremony. In fact, he got to The Green-

brier barely in time to put on one of the team's color-coordinated ensembles and go listen to non-playing U.S. Captain Billy Casper introduce Lee Trevino at the pre-match banquet as "a credit to his race." Casper then introduced a woman named Rose as Trevino's wife. Now we're getting somewhere, because Rose is the wife of black golfer and Ryder Cup player Lee Elder. Casper obviously had his Lees crossed up.

There are always "international incidents," albeit minor ones, in Ryder Cup play. This year nobody found anything to get worked up over until Sunday morning, when a great deal was made over the Envelope Case. The rules state that on Saturday night both captains could put the name of a player in a sealed envelope, which was to be locked in a safe. In the event that either of those players had to withdraw because of injury, his match would be declared a tie—and the player whose name was in the other team's sealed envelope would sit out the singles. The foreign captain, John Jacobs of Britain, understood the rule. Casper did not, nor did any of the U.S. PGA officials until the last minute. Jacobs put the name of Mark James, who had sustained a rib injury in Friday's competi-

*The U.S. soaked it to Baloteros (left) while Barnes went up in a puff of smoke in the singles*





*Clothed in a ghostly coat of lanolin and Vaseline, Counsilman set out to stroke a blow for "old buggers."*

## 'GO FOR THE GOLD, DOC'

*That was the cry as Doc Counsilman, 58, wavered en route to becoming the oldest English Channel swimmer. He went for it—and he got it* **by RAY KENNEDY**

**F**or Reg Brickell, captain of the 50-foot trawler *Heken Ann Marie* out of Folkestone, the moment was all too familiar. "It's dodgy," he said, casting a worried eye at Jim (Doc) Counsilman, the Indiana swimming coach who was stroking through the water in the 10th hour of his attempt to swim the English Channel. "Right now is when they go a little scary." Brickell is a 30-year veteran of piloting swimmers through the Channel's treacherous tides. "They start imaginin' they're birds or bloomin' elephants," he went on. "This is when some of 'em take to screamin' at you, beggin' you to haul 'em out of the water."

Indeed, Counsilman seemed to be in trouble. His crawl, which had been holding steady at 64 strokes a minute, had slipped to 57 and his fingers were rigidly spread apart—a sure sign that the dread "channel freeze" was setting in. Worse yet, slapped by a mounting chop and nauseated from swallowing salt water, he seemed disoriented. As dusk descended, he inexplicably veered away from the wind-shield protection of the boat and, caught in a fast-running flood tide, was oblivious to the cries of his supporters aboard the trawler to alter his course.

At that point Ray Scott, the salty 62-year-old chairman of the Channel Swimming Association and the official observer for the Counsilman swim, stood up on the heaving deck, placed his fingers in his mouth and let loose with a keening whistle that all but rattled the church bells in Wissant, a French coastal village still miles away.

Counsilman looked up and stroked back to within 10 yards of the boat. "C'mon, Doc," Scott roared above the grind of the ship's engines. "Tuck it in, mate, and go. Strike a blow for all us old buggers."

Staring wide-eyed through his goggles and grimacing in pain, Counsilman seemed not to understand. Then, like a man on some mad mission slowly recall-



*Counsilman, who saw his swim as a way to promote a "gray revolution to adult fitness," crawled up to 70 strokes a minute to finish in 13 hours 7 minutes*



*The crew aboard: Marge Scott and Hetzel*

ing the meaning of it all, he broke into a twisted grin and spluttered, "Oh . . . yeah. . . O K"

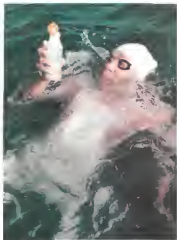
Digging in, Counsilman, who has preached a credo of "hurt, pain, agony" to Hoosiers for 23 years, increased his stroke to 60, then 62, 64, 66 and, incredibly, leveled off at a resolute 70.

"My God!" Scott boomed. "The man has a heart big as a pumpkin. He's scud-ding along like a bloody Hovercraft!"

There were more trying moments ahead, but the rallying cry for old buggers everywhere seemed to renew Counsilman's will. And when he crashed through the rollers and stumbled ashore on a rocky, desolate beach near Calais last Friday, after an excruciating 13 hours and seven minutes in the water, he had indeed struck a blow for the geriatric set. At the venerable age of 58, Doc Counsilman became the oldest person to ever swim the English Channel.

It was more than a personal triumph, and that fact gave Counsilman a ready answer to the question that dogs all who test the Channel. Why? He explained,

*continued*



*Doc paused hourly for liquid nourishment*



A wind shift forced Counsilman to land near Calais, five miles farther than his goal, Cap Gris-Nez

#### DOC COUNSILMAN continued

"I think we have greatly underestimated the physical potential of older people. Who says people my age are over the hill? God, we've got to realize how many productive years we have left after 50, and I'd like to prove that by swimming the Channel and helping to lead a gray revolution to adult fitness."

Counsilman's version of the old man and the sea had its roots in his youth, when he was a national AAU breaststroke champion at Ohio State. In amassing a library on swimming, he was fascinated by the saga of Captain Matthew Webb, the 27-year-old master of a British sailing vessel who in 1875 coated his body with porpoise grease and, quaffing ale and breaststroking for nearly 22 hours—the crawl was then unknown—became the first person to swim the Channel. Though Webb subsequently perished in an ill-advised attempt to brave the rapids below Niagara Falls, his daring imbued Counsilman with a "lifetime goal" of emulating Webb's Channel feat.

But Counsilman, engrossed in teaching, lecturing, writing, inventing training aids and coaching the 1964 and 1976 U.S. men's Olympic swimming teams, barely had time to come up for air, much less test his doctoral thesis, "An Analysis of Propulsion in Two Types of the Crawl Stroke," in the Channel. In fact, while directing Indiana to six straight NCAA championships and authoring such works as *The Science of Swimming*, a widely

translated book that has made him as much a celebrity in Moscow as in Bloomington, he let his health ebb to a dangerously low level.

"My doctor issued an ultimatum: exercise or I'd be dead," Counsilman says. "I was 50 then and really in bad shape. I weighed 243 pounds. I was suffering from asthma, arthritis, chronic bronchitis and high blood pressure. Let me tell you, I was scared."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TERENCE SPENCER

Counsilman began working out for two hours every morning in the Indiana pool. After nine months, he was down to 183 pounds and pronounced himself "beautiful, never healthier." Though he became a national sprint champion in the AAU Masters' swim program, he soon began to promote long-distance swimming as the ideal conditioner for the aging. "There's less chance of precipitating a heart attack," he says, "and it avoids the aching joints that many older people get when they jog."

By taking on the Channel, Counsilman also hoped to help plot a truer course for a sport that he feels is being exploited by "phony-balance promoters." He cites the example of Diana Nyad, "a very mediocre swimmer with a very good publicist. Most of her swims have been failures. For instance, she has attempted to swim the Channel three times and has never finished. Still, when she gets into the tide off the Bahamas and rides it to Florida, a swim that truly great marathoners like John Kinsella could do with one arm tied behind their backs, she gets all the attention. The result is that more deserving marathoners like Loren Passfield, the current women's world champion, go begging."

The Channel is not waiting for challengers. In the past decade the number of swimmers who have completed the cross-



Hazel comforted Counsilman, who said, "It only hurt once—from the beginning to the end."

ing has doubled. Counsilman was the 214th. During the same period, the ratio of successful attempts has risen from one in 10 to about one in five. On one weekend last month, no fewer than 17 swimmers embarked on crossings, and 11 emerged triumphant, including Cindy Nichols, a Canadian law student who set a two-way record when she swam from Dover to the French coast and back in 19 hours and 12 minutes. Nichols also holds the women's one-way France-to-England record of nine hours and 46 minutes.

That same weekend, 12-year-old Kevin Anderson of South Africa became the youngest Channel swimmer ever, only to be dethroned the very next day by another 12-year-old, Marcus Hooper of London, who is three months younger. Ned Barnie, a Scottish schoolmaster, was more fortunate. His reign as the oldest Channel swimmer, which began in 1951 when he was 55, endured until the coming of Counsilman.

Though an anonymous donor contributed \$5,000 to cover his expenses, Counsilman became reluctant to take the plunge when someone told him he had to pack on 35 pounds of insulating fat to withstand the cold Channel waters. But that myth was quickly dispelled by Tom Hetzel, a former New York City policeman who has swum the Channel eight times. "It's not fat but sheer guts that gets you across the Channel," he says.

Enlisted as Counsilman's coach, Hetzel spent weeks training and acquainting him with the vagaries of the Channel. July, August and September, when the water temperatures rise from a numbing 57° all the way to a chilling 62°, are the only months when man can survive along with mackerel. While neap tides favorable for England-to-France crossings occur about five days every two weeks, winds that can kick up to Force 8 in a matter of minutes often leave swimmers waiting weeks for a good day. And those who do make it into the water must contend with fog, debris, jellyfish, seaweed, oil slicks, diesel fumes and seasickness. Not to mention the hazard of the 700 ships that pass through and across the Channel each day.

"The Channel will give you a million excuses for getting out," Hetzel warned Counsilman, "and you must not accept any of them. If you make it—and you will—you will experience the agony of victory."

Beginning in November, Hetzel directed Counsilman's training program by telephone from his home in Corpus Christi, Texas, where he is an instructor in criminal justice and police science at Del Mar College. After logging 1,200 miles in the pools and lakes of greater Bloomington, Counsilman flew to England a month ago and stroked another 100 miles in Dover Harbour as Hetzel looked on from the pier.

While staying at the Hubert House, a small Victorian haven that has been headquarters for Channel swimmers for 30 years, Counsilman and his wife Marge frequented Wren's Teahouse down the road for tea and scones and liberal servings of advice. "When you can see France from Dover Castle, don't dare go," said one regular. "The wind's too brisk." Another well-wisher counseled, "Remember, when you feel as if you're really finished and absolutely ready to die, you've still got 10 more miles in you." Mike Read, a British nutritionist prepping for his 15th successful crossing, was more succinct. "Just keep going 'til you get there," he said.

Finally, with the neap tide running, the winds light and the water temperature at 60.2°, Counsilman slipped into the lapping surf on Shakespeare Beach at 6:13 a.m. last Friday and, with the white cliffs of Dover rising behind him, headed south for France. Saturated with five pounds of a ghostly white mixture of lanolin and Vaseline, he looked like something out of *Creatures of the Deep*. Using a two-beat kick to minimize the strain on his lower back and heart, he plowed on rhythmically for four uneventful hours. "When he is finished swimming," says Scott, "he could hire out as a metronome."

Hetzel devised a system of signals to communicate with Counsilman. If he wore a New York Yankees cap it meant that all was going well. He'd don a Texas A&M hat when it was time for Doc to stop for a minute or so to gulp down his hourly container of hot chocolate or coffee laced with fructose. A cap with an Olympic insignia was reserved for the final run to the French coast. In the wheelchair, a reporter for the Indiana campus radio station used the ship-to-shore radio to relay periodic progress reports back to Bloomington. "Everything is going nicely," she said after Counsilman had been swimming for two hours.

She spoke too soon. Twenty minutes later, Brickell spotted a Russian freighter heading straight at Counsilman and the boat. And when the ship failed to respond to the blasting horns of the trawler's horn, Brickell radioed the British coast guard for assistance and hastily prepared to pull Counsilman out of the water. But at the last moment the freighter veered off and passed within 50 yards of the *Helen Ann Marie*, close enough to see the threatening gestures of Brickell and his two crewmen.

When peace was restored, Brickell chatted on the radio with another pilot who was leading a relay team of six young swimmers across the Channel. "We got a good one here," he said. "We got the trainer of Mark Spitz, the bloke that won all them Olympic gold medals."

During the ninth hour, the wind, which had been blowing from the northwest, changed to a stiff southwester, driving Counsilman off his Z-shaped course and past his intended landing point on Cap Gris-Nez. Required by the wind shift to pump for an additional five miles, Counsilman began to slacken. Hetzel, donning the Olympic cap, kept up a steady line of encouragement. "Go for the gold, Doc—two more hours and you swim into history."

Marge Counsilman, white with *maif de mer* but still watching Doc's every stroke, said, "It reminds me of labor. I was shocked when he told me that he was going to do this, but after 36 years I knew I couldn't stop him. What a guy."

Provisionally the wind changed again in the final hours, driving Doc toward the shore in heaving swells. In celebration, Scott broke out his harmonica and played a sea chanty while Captain Brickell danced a jig in the wheelhouse. When Doc touched ashore, everyone cheered, and Brickell let loose with a salute on the ship's horn.

Later, shivering in his sweat suit on the three-hour ride back to England, Counsilman had recovered enough to observe. "It only hurt once—from the beginning to the end. It's like marriage. You should only do it once."

Ray Scott had a different reaction. "As Sir Walter Scott said, 'One crowded hour of glorious life is worth an age without a name.' This swim today will make everyone who is on the veiny side of 55 walk six inches taller. We should all chuck out our chests."

# KILLER



## WITH A BABY FACE

**T**here is something strange going on down there on the field. The New York Jets' defense is shuffling into position, and it's clear there's a cherub loose among the gorillas. It is No. 73, the right tackle. He is trotting up to the line *dauntly*, no other word for it. His large, round face is completely without guile, and his blue eyes speak of peace on earth and goodwill to opponents. It is hard to tell in this light, but he seems to glow with a pink cleanliness; no doubt his halo is crushed down around his ears inside his helmet. It may sound odd, in view of what will happen when the ball is snapped, but it's true that, standing there benignly surveying the quarterback, Joe Klecko looks positively cuddly.

**Driving 18-wheel, 25-ton rigs cross-country or playing defensive tackle for the New York Jets, Joe Klecko may look angelic, but he has mayhem on his mind**

by BOB OTTUM

Ah, that's it. It's the stark contrast that makes this scene so strange. Everybody knows that defensive players snort and pop with hostile vibrations. They snarl and flash their teeth behind their face masks and, swollen with bloodlust, they paw at the turf. But not Klecko. He doesn't need to go through such histrionics to psych himself up, so firmly fixed is the sole aim of his game: getting a piece of the quarterback.

"Hate quarterbacks," says Klecko in a statement shockingly out of character

with his appearance. Then he adds, "Well, no. I mean, I don't hate them as people. They're probably nice guys who brush their teeth and call Mom once a week. I hate what quarterbacks stand for. They stand between me and success."

Now Klecko gets down into his stance, leans forward and carefully positions his right hand on the turf. The hand is roughly the size of a catcher's mitt. He uses his right foot as a brace, twisting it into place. Then, slowly, he begins to swell, taking in huge drafts of air. And from almost any



PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN KILGORE

is in his third NFL season, and at that point in his career when his statistics are starting to take on a proper menace. Last year he led the Jets in quarterback sacks for the second time, with eight. He also racked up 139 tackles (62 unassisted) and blocked two point-after kicks and one field-goal attempt. In three games this season he has 20 tackles and one sack. "Sometimes I look around and Joe is all over the field," says New York Coach Walt Michaels.

Klecko, all 6' 3" and 264 pounds of him, has been years in the making. He is the end product of hundreds of hours of training, a survivor of times when it seemed he would never get the idea of the game. He has been pounded, kicked and coached into shape, and at last he is ready to rampage through the season and finish as an All-Pro.

"You can sense the success in him," says Michaels. "I look at Klecko and the words 'pass rusher' jump into my mind. It's his incredible quickness and the strength of his hands. If he gets a quarterback in his grasp, he's down." Says Offensive Lineman John Roman, "You

*Klecko rushes quarterbacks such as Cleveland's Brian Sipe (17) almost as fiercely as he attacks his foot, as Delibre and Michael very well know*

want talent? Not long after I met Joe, he opened 12 bottles of beer with his teeth. Now that's All-Pro."

This sort of tale makes the combination of the monster and his men doubly disconcerting. The realization grows slowly that Klecko's angelic look has always been there, that the face came with the body in a delightful mismatch, reflecting an smirch turn of nature and heritage. Looking at Klecko one gets a nagging feeling of having seen him before. But where? At last, there it is in the mand's eye: *Cupid a Captive*, painted by Boucher in 1754 for the boudoir of Madame de Pompadour. The scene shows a chunky cupid surrounded by the Three Graces, who seem amorously frisky. Two cherubim hover overhead, either they have rescue in mind, or they're about to wangle down and join the party. The top cherub—blond, pink and fat-legged—is Joe Klecko.

Lord knows, it ain't easy being a baby face. When Klecko was growing up, many kids tried to change that face by adding lumps here and abrasions there. This was in Chester, Pa., a tough workingman's town near Philadelphia, where a gentle demeanor is rewarded with another hit on the head. "Man, I was a terrible sissy, always," *continued*

angle, sighting at field level or looking down from above, Klecko gradually becomes exactly as wide as he is high.

As the play explodes and Klecko surges forward, one more early impression is clarified. The reason for that dainty gait—indeed, the reason for most of Klecko's moves—is that his upper body rests on his hips like some great teetering rock overlooking Monument Valley. If Klecko ever falls, things will shatter. And now the play ends with Klecko lying belly-up and the quarterback clutched firmly in his arms.

This assuredly doesn't happen on every play. There are still too many times when a frustrated Klecko stands alone back there, flailing his empty hands in the air and wondering where everybody else has gone. But the sacks and other tackles happen often enough to make the 25-year-old Klecko the key defensive force on the young New York squad. He



always getting beat up," Klecko says.

The family sprang from solid Polish stock: "not just Polish, but *purebred*," Klecko says. His dad was a truck driver and a triple-threat semi-pro halfback. While he never nudged his boy toward football, he would often regard him respectfully and sort of groan out loud. The young Klecko responded by becoming more reclusive. He retreated to an uncle's garage, where he pumped gas after school and spent the rest of his time converting a '55 Chevy into a dragster.

"It was like I was campaigning that car that I began to come out of it," Klecko says. "I wasn't great—I was no Big Daddy Garlits—but that car was a brute, and drag-racing it on those quarter-mile strips took guts I didn't know I had. I had it all full of trick things—to drive it you had to fight it. I never lost in it. The day after I sold it, the guy who bought it wiped it out in his first race."

As a gesture to his dad, Klecko had made one brief run at football as a freshman at St. James High. This cameo appearance consisted of a tryout on "the plank." Says Klecko, "The coach threw down this 14-foot board, a 2-by-12. One guy would get up on each end of it. And then they would run at each other and crash head on in the middle. The guy still on the plank made the team." Klecko got up on his end of the board, but something in his silhouette, some suggestion of tenderness, infuriated the coach. "Oh, for God's sake, Klecko," he yelled. And that did it. Klecko stepped down and went back to the garage. His dad—"He was pretty mad at me"—went back to brooding.

Klecko grew three inches and added 60 pounds in the two years following the plank fiasco, and before the start of his senior year he finally came storming out of the garage and announced to his dad, "I'm gonna play some football."

This time Klecko more or less bit the plank in half, made the team and tore his way through the season, playing on the defensive line and ending up on the all-county and all-league teams. When he graduated in 1971, several colleges expressed interest. The problem was that they all proposed stashing him in a prep school until his grades matched his size.

Klecko declined. "Listen, I couldn't go through another year of *Jane Eyre*," he says. "And I didn't need college. I already had a good job driving a truck." Beginning in his senior year of high

school, Klecko had been a construction worker, driving dump trucks, and then was hired to muscle huge tractor-trailer rigs for Robbins Motor Transportation Inc. in Edlystone, Pa. Robbins specializes in hauling heavy, ungainly stuff that other trucks won't handle. Klecko was, and during the off-season still is, a natural at wrestling the 18-wheelers. "I once fought my way across the country carrying a propeller for a supertanker," he says. "The thing weighed 130,000 pounds and was 22 feet across, wide as most roadways."

It was a hardening experience. A member of the Robbins crew recalls riding shotgun one time when Klecko jumped a long line of trucks at a refueling stop, reasoning that he was moving priority cargo, heavy equipment for a nuclear plant. "The other drivers figured, priority my fanny," the shotgunner says. "and a whole bunch of them came strolling over to kick hell out of the driver. But when Joe came climbing down out of that cab, turning his shoulders to get out through the door, they all sort of gulped and said, 'Ah, nice rig you got here, kid. Just came over to look at it.'"

**T**his was pretty tame stuff compared to the Great Blackberry Brandy Caper. The year after Klecko graduated from high school and went into trucking full time, along came the Knights, a new semi-pro team based in Aston, a few miles from Chester. The Knights were made up of a few local former high school players and a clutch of semidisabled and definitely jaded retirees. Klecko signed on, but to protect his amateur status he 1) played for free and 2) had himself listed as one Jim Jones, whose school was the University of Poland. The University of ... what? "You know," says Klecko, "good old Cracow A&M."

The sandlot players were scarred and bent and disillusioned; not all of them had teeth. The quarterback was 5' 7" and played in horn-rimmed glasses. The backup quarterback didn't have a thumb on his right hand. The action was strictly down and dirty.

"If a guy missed a block," Klecko says, "he'd roll over and snap at a passing leg, trying to rip out the calf muscle. Listen, we were playing the Hagerstown Bears, and I had been beating my man on the pass rush every time. Finally he hauled off and kicked me in the groin. It almost

killed me. I crawled back to our team, all doubled over, and you think I got sympathy? 'Get him, you dummy,' they said. So on the next play, I steamrolled him over backward and then drop-kicked him in the ribs. That settled that."

Before and after games the Aston Knights soaked up on blackberry brandy. "We'd go on a trip, the bus would be loaded with it," Klecko says. "We'd get to a town where we were going to play, and first thing, five guys would be dispatched to buy a case. Those guys couldn't suit up without it. The brandy made them fierce and kept their guts warm on cold days. The one-thumbed quarterback sometimes played so drunk he'd lean against the center to keep from falling down. He'd bark out, 'Hut, hut, hut' and everybody's eyes would water and guys would almost faint. The fumes hung over us like a mushroom cloud."

Still, it was playing for the Aston Knights that led Klecko to Temple University and, ultimately, the Jets. When Aston equipment manager John DiGregorio took the same job with Temple, he told Coach Wayne Hardin about Jim Jones-Klecko. "O.K., I'll look at the game films," Hardin said. "Game films?" said DiGregorio. "They can't afford 'em. And besides, they'd probably be X-rated. Just look at the kid."

Hardin did, and he came away so impressed that he agreed to a pact of sorts with Klecko: no prep school. Maybe a few remedial touches here and there. Just come to college. And Temple gained a 240-pound student, an angelic-looking truck driver with a 53-inch chest, a 38-inch waist, arms like beer kegs and an abiding hatred of *Jane Eyre*. He wasn't a typical freshman: in one of his first scrimmages Klecko turned Hardin's best running back upside down and dropped him on his head, thus sidelining him with a badly sprained neck.

By his senior season Klecko was second-string All-America, and in the 1977 NFL draft the Jets selected him in the sixth round. Drafted No. 144.

Klecko's face didn't show it—how could a sweet face like that reflect such a thing?—but the big cherub was plenty miffed about that sixth-round business. Michaels says that when Klecko showed up at camp, he walked through the wall instead of the door, which is hyperbole, and then sat down and ate 12 pork chops, which is pure truth. Before that camp opened, Klecko had trained maniacally.



doing countless bench presses each day and running in his dangerously forward-topping style while jabbing at the air with one-pound bolts clenched in each fist. Klecko had won 34 of 35 amateur boxing matches, and literally fought his way onto the Jets' roster. On one occasion, he thoughtfully removed a fellow rookie's helmet by the face mask before

belting him in the nose. His teammates took to calling him Killer.

Klecko's intensity extends even into the training table. "Now, then," he says, "are we going to eat—or are we going to mess around? Let me know what it's going to be." He puts down his tray and checks it for symmetry. On one side there is a huge fish filet, shadowed by a moun-

tain of tartar sauce. On the other side are three sizable Swiss steaks under a rich onion-and-mushroom gravy. Off to one edge are three eclairs. Two 16-ounce paper cups contain Klecko's own brew: half iced tea, half lemonade.

He is being watched while he eats; timing, the kitchen staff knows, is everything. When the fish filet is gone, the cook brings two more. "Just think, someday I'm going to have to come down off this weight," Klecko says. "Right now I'm burning it at, oh, maybe five, six pounds a game." He barely pauses, and the cook reappears. He puts down a new plate. It contains three more Swiss steaks with gravy.

Now it remains for Klecko to make All-Pro away from the dinner table, a designation he dearly wants to attain a few times in the five or so years left in his huge body. He figures pure Polish blood can boil only so long, and he already has everything else he wants. Klecko, his wife Debbie and their 3-year-old son Michael live graciously in an expensive new home in West Chester, which is where folks from Chester move when they've got it locked. After football, he expects to become a trucking executive for Robbins and a sales executive for Davidson Supply Co. Inc. of Brooklyn, which he also represents in the off-season. The two go together. "You sell a customer a mess of cast-steel pipe," Klecko says, "and then, in effect, you say to the customer, 'Listen, you want someone to haul that pipe to you?' Business relationships are delicate. In business you have to solve a problem. In football you can beat it up."

Off the field, Klecko's behavior is unfailingly appropriate to his cherubic face. He holds Michael in his big hands with surprising gentleness while he explains what Daddy does for a living. "I play a man in front of me," Klecko says. "All right. The man is obstructing me from getting to my destination, which is the ballcarrier. Now, I must physically abuse this man if he continues to obstruct me. I then proceed on my path to the ballcarrier and I lay the hardest hit on him that I can. And the play is over when he's on the ground or out of play."

In the background, Debbie is humming something. An old tune, perhaps. Can it be ...? But no, she's too young for that. Still, there was a moment there when you could have sworn that she was intoning, "Have you heard I married an angel...."

EDM



To Klecko, football's something for the short haul, but trucking's his game for the long run

## Harrington is unharried

*It doesn't bother Jackson State's Perry Harrington that few have heard of him and his 8.3 yards per carry average, because the NFL scouts know all about him*

Sometime early next May, long after the 1979 college football season is history and the All-Americans have been selected and the Heisman Trophy has been awarded, Perry Harrington finally will get what he deserves—recognition as one of the finest running backs in the nation.

This belated tribute should occur no later than Round 1 of the NFL draft. In Harrington's case, that rite of spring will serve to point up a wrong of autumn. For he seems certain to be selected ahead of a legion of more publicized players, including many who, by then, will have accepted the honors for which Harrington never was considered.

Odd, this lack of recognition. After all, last year, as a junior, Harrington led his 10-1 team by racking up 1,105 yards and 12 touchdowns, seven of which were scored on runs of 30 yards or longer. He also rushed for 125 yards or more in four games. He carried the ball only 133 times, which means his average gain was 8.3 yards—or almost a full yard better than that of Billy Sims, the Heisman winner.

The problem is that Harrington did all this good work for Jackson State, a predominantly black school in Jackson, Miss. whose football program gets national attention only in the spring, when the pros pick their annual contingent of players off the Tiger roster. The rest of the time, Jackson and the Southwestern Athletic Conference in which it plays are rarely heard of—for one thing, their games appear on TV less often than Irish hurling—and consequently are largely ignored by those who cast ballots for post-season honors. Consider this. Jackson State has had at least 10 alumni make the NFL Pro Bowl but is still waiting to get a first-team All-America selection.

Among the overlooked have been Coy Bacon, Robert Brazile, Verlon Biggs, Lem Barney, Rich Caster, Jerome Barkum, Harold Jackson, Speedy Duncan, Leon Gray and Walter Payton.

Harrington is unconcerned about his performing in such athletic obscurity. As the ninth child—and one of only two

boys—in a family of 11, Harrington is ill-prepared to be the center of attention, even if he wanted to be. Describing himself as "a homebody type of person," Harrington expresses no regrets about having stayed in Jackson.

"You can look at it two ways," he says. "If I had gone to a place like Oklahoma or USC, I might have been better known or I might have been on the bench. I think I had a chance to develop better here than I might have had at a bigger school. It's still nice being close to home and around friends. They know what I'm doing and they appreciate it."

So do NFL scouts. To that choosy electorate, Harrington is a blue-chip candidate. "He's a cinch to be taken very high in the next draft," says Gil Brandt, the Cowboys' vice-president for player development. "He's as good a back as there is anywhere in the country," says Joe Woolley, an Oilers scout. "Sims and White are the two best-known backs around, but Harrington might be better than either of them."

The pros hanker after Harrington for several reasons, starting with his combination of size (5' 11", 208) and speed (4.44 for the 40). Harrington is strong and solid enough to break tackles or power over a defender, but given a choice, he wisely prefers to outmaneuver or outrun the pursuit.

"When I've got the ball," he says, "the thing I think about most is 'get away'—get away from the defender and try not to get hit too hard. Sometimes I think, 'What am I doing out there where everybody's trying to hit me?' I figure I've accomplished something when I say to myself, 'That dude right there, you better get away from him,' and do it. Sometimes I look at myself on the films and say, 'Man, I did that? Hard to believe!'"

Harrington, who was the Mississippi state high school low-hurdles champion in 1975 and '76—his best was a 19.0 in the 180-yard event—also has superb balance and heavily muscled thighs, which combined with his speed make him hard to bring down even when he is sent inside the tackles. The pro scouts are also impressed with another of Harrington's



*Underneath that hat Harrington has a good head.*

continued

# TASTE WINSTON LIGHTS

Best taste.  
Low tar.

13 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method. ©1988 B&W T Co.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

© 1988 B&W T Co. Winston Lights



Come and spend some time with us. We'll take you on a tour that will fascinate you and show you displays that will amaze you. All in all, it's an incredible experience.

You'll see some great new technological developments to deal with fuel economy and pollution.

**Incredible Commitment.**

Since 1978 we've hired thousands of new engineers, scientists and technicians.

In 3 years we'll have added over 8½ million square feet of additional manufacturing and research space. We're already retooling most of our assembly plants. And by 1985 Ford Motor Company will have spent 20 billion dollars to re-shape, rethink and reinvent the automobile.

**What we're doing is Incredible.**

See how we put together engines that think for themselves. How we put 8,000 miles of rough road conditions on a car in just 2 weeks without ever having to put it on the road.

How we can make cars that tell you how they feel. You'll see a new idea for an engine that could increase gas mileage up to 20% over a conventional engine of equal size. And you'll learn all about an incredible idea, a big car that's

made out of plastic, reinforced with graphite so it weighs the same as a small car.

**What you can own is Incredible.**

If you want to see some incredible ideas a lot closer to home, go to your local Ford or Lincoln-Mercury Dealer on October 12 and see our 1980 cars and trucks.

You'll see a small turbo-charged 4-cylinder engine that can accelerate like some cars with V-8 engines.

You'll see full-size and luxury cars with our new automatic overdrive transmission that's designed to give you better fuel economy at highway speeds.

And you'll see cars with computers built right in the dashboard to tell you if the car is functioning "OK" in eleven important areas.

Once you see it all, you'll say, Ford, that's incredible!

**For tour information write:**

**The Incredible Ford**

**Factory Tour,**

**Box 2000,**

**Dearborn, MI 48121.**



# CANADA AT ITS BEST.

Light. Smooth. Imported Canadian Mist.<sup>®</sup>  
The whisky that's becoming America's favorite Canadian.



*Share some tonight.*

IMPORTED BY B-F SPIRITS LTD., N.Y., N.Y., CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND, 60 PROOF, © 1979.

Photographed at Lake Beauport, Jasper Canada

stats, the 3.0 grade point average he has as a business finance major. He hopes to become an accountant, and his first client may be himself, because he is entertaining thoughts of acting as his own agent come spring. Harrington also gets high marks when he blocks for other Tiger ballcarriers.

"I enjoy doing a good job of blocking as much as I do running, say, 70 yards for a touchdown," he says.

Through the Tigers' first two games this season Harrington had to get a lot of his enjoyment from blocking because a severely bruised big toe has not only diminished his acceleration but also made running downright painful. Nonetheless, he rushed for 91 yards on 15 carries in a season-opening 14-7 victory over Alabama State. A week later he gained 73 yards running out of the Tigers' wishbone and scored twice in the second half as Jackson State rebounded from a 21-10 third-quarter deficit to beat Tennessee State 27-21. Last Saturday, Harrington, his toe still ailing, gained only 38 yards on six carries as Jackson State beat Prairie View A&M 24-6.

Wishbone backs often need tutoring in pass receiving when they move on to the pros, but Harrington's hands are sure enough right now, both for NFL scouts and Jackson State Coach W. C. Gorden.

"He convinced me last year that he can catch the football," Gorden says. "One example really stands out. Against Florida A&M [in last year's Division I-AA playoffs, a 15-10 defeat for the Tigers] our quarterback pitched to Perry on the option. They were stunting so that their linebacker met Perry at the same instant the ball arrived. It was about 10' that day, with a wind-chill factor of about zero, but Perry not only caught the pitch, he almost broke the tackle."

Gorden is equally sure that Harrington has the potential to be as good as or even better than Payton, the Bears' superslative running back whom Gorden coached in 1971. "He's larger than Walter," Gorden says. "He has bigger legs, and he has the ability to run up the middle as well as go to the outside."

Harrington prefers to liken his style to that of Franco Harris, whom he admires for his heady technique of saving his explosive burst until the very moment the hole opens. But there is something Harrington would like to match, even more than Harris' running technique—the off-field accomplishments of the Oil-

ers' Earl Campbell. Like Campbell, Harrington grew up dirt poor and he hopes to spend part of his NFL signing bonus on a new house for his mother.

"I think my mother did a good job of raising us," says Harrington, who did not have a close relationship with his father. "I never had much of what I wanted but I never suffered for anything, so if I do get some money—and if it's \$100 it will be more than I'm used to—I think I'd get Mama a better place to live."

Come May, when acknowledgment of Harrington's talent becomes widespread—and negotiable—he should be able to give his mother an award, too, even if he doesn't get any himself.

## THE WEEK

by HERM WEISKOPF

### SOUTHWEST

Instead of soaring to lofty new heights with an I formation loaded with flashy backs, Texas A&M has plummeted to old depths. A January 17-7 Southwest Conference loss to Baylor left the Aggies 0-2 for the first time since 1969. Conversely, the Bears, powered by Walter Abernethy's 137 yards rushing, are 2-0 for the first time since 1965. The Aggie attack produced only three first downs in the opening half and then committed four turnovers after the intermission.

"I've never seen a team make so many yards and so few points," said Arkansas Coach Lou Holtz after his Hogs swamped Colorado State 36-3. The Razorbacks won handily despite the Rams' 363 yards in total offense, 196 of them on 20 carries by Larry Jones.

Substitute quarterbacks rescued Houston and Southern Methodist. When Delnick Brown of the Cougars reinjured his right shoulder at the third period against Florida the score was 7-7. Terry Elison took Brown's place and spurred the Cougars to a 14-10 win, directing a 65-yard drive that he finished off with a six-yard TD run. After SMU's Mike Ford suffered torn knee ligaments at the second period, Jon Bub Taylor came in, promptly fired a 15-yard touchdown pass and guided the Mustangs past TCU 27-7.

1. TEXAS (0-0)

2. HOUSTON (2-0) 3. ARKANSAS (1-0)

### SOUTH

In what may go down as one of the most stunning upsets ever in the South, highly touted Georgia lost at home to Wake Forest, which a couple of weeks back was proclaimed the second-worst team in the nation by none other than Pen-

house magazine. The Deacons, winners only 26 times in the last 10 seasons, brought their record to 2-0 as they twice came from behind and won 22-21. More than that, they tore apart the Bulldogs' once-proud defense, gaining 287 yards on the ground—189 of them by James McDougald—and 283 through the air. Wake pulled the game out when Jay Venuto teamed up with McDougald on a nine-yard scoring pass early in the fourth quarter. With the victory secured, Deacon Coach John Mackovic sounded off against Georgia sports-writers, who he felt had degraded his players. "I've never read more disgusting stuff in my life than I've read the two days we've been here," Mackovic said. "Mackovic's Menaballs." That's a bunch of garbage."

Maryland ended the nation's longest major-college victory streak at 11 by shocking Clemson 19-0 in an ACC confrontation. When Dale Casiro won't busy establishing a Terp record with four field goals, teammate Charlie Wysocki was pounding out 178 yards.

For the second week in a row, North Carolina State had to scramble to come out ahead, this time against ACC opponent Virginia. The Wolfpack built a 31-7 halflead late as Quarterback Scott Smith scored on three plunges and tossed a 69-yard touchdown pass, all in the second period. But with Tom Vignero rushing for 192 yards and two TDs, the Cavaliers stormed back and narrowly lost 31-27.

"I've never seen one man handle an offense like he can," said Arizona State Coach Frank Kush of Florida State Nose Guard Ron Simmons, who was instrumental in the Seminoles' rousing 31-3 win. "We had to double-team him, and he still gave us fits."

Both Majors won—the Hurricanes from Florida beat Louisville 24-12, and the Redskins from Ohio downed Kentucky 15-14.

1. ALABAMA (1-0)

2. N.C. STATE (2-0) 3. MARYLAND (2-0)

### MIDWEST

Northwestern's worst fear was put to rest. The Wildcats won't have another winless season this year. That was assured by a 27-22 victory over Wyoming that broke a 12-game winning streak. The Wildcats held off the Cowboys when Safety Ben Butler intercepted a pass with 1:19 left, his second end-zone theft of the fourth quarter. Giving the offense some unaccustomed oomph was sophomore Mike Kerrigan, a third-string quarterback who passed for 193 yards and one touchdown.

Less difficulty was encountered by three other Big Ten teams: Michigan State zapped Oregon 41-17, Indiana trampled Vanderbilt 44-13 and Wisconsin brought down Air Force 38-0. Powering the Spartan offense were Derek Hughes (three touchdowns on runs of two, three and 100 yards, the last with a kickoff return) and Steve Smith (154 yards rushing, plus five receptions for 63 more). Hoosier Cornerback Tim Wilbur did it all,

*continued*

# NOW YOU CAN HAVE "RICHARD PRYOR, LIVE IN CONCERT" ON VIDEOCASSETTE.



UNCENSORED

The film that's breaking movie-house records everywhere is now available on pre-recorded videocassette—exclusively through TIME LIFE VIDEO. In either BETA or VHS format. For just \$55 per cassette (add sales tax, if applicable).

The videotape, like the film, is completely uncensored and contains the kind of language you might expect from a man who "tells it like it is."

You will receive exactly the same show that people have been talking about for months. That *The New York Times* said was "wickedly funny" and *Rolling Stone* called "the best example yet of his ability to see and convey the humor in pain."

You can also get outrageous Gracie Jones doing her own special thing. And Grammy Award-winner Billy Joel doing his. Each \$39.95 (add sales tax, if applicable).

## FREE FOR FILLING OUT THE COUPON

Even if you don't want to buy any of these videocassettes at this time, you can still get a free dust-proof jacket—valued at \$1.50—that fits both BETA and VHS videocassettes. And information about the TIME LIFE VIDEO CLUB.

Call toll-free 800 523-7600 (national) or 800 662-5380 (in Pennsylvania). Or fill out and return this coupon to:



TIME LIFE VIDEO  
Time & Life Bldg., Room 3248 54  
New York, N.Y. 10020

Please send me: ☐ Richard Pryor Live in Concert for \$55  
☐ Gracie Jones for \$39.95 ☐ Billy Joel for \$39.95 (add sales tax, if applicable)

My VCR is (check one): ☐ BETA ☐ VHS

### Method of payment:

☐ Enclosed in an envelope with this coupon is my check or money order for \$\_\_\_\_\_

☐ Charge to my credit card (The total amount is \$\_\_\_\_\_)

American Express ☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard ☐

Credit Card # \_\_\_\_\_ Exp. Date \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_ Apt. \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Free Dust-Proof Videocassette Jacket.

☐ I do not wish to purchase any cassettes at this time, but please send me the free dust-proof jacket, and information about the new TIME LIFE VIDEO CLUB.

Offer expires December 31, 1979. Good only in continental U.S.

## COLLEGE FOOTBALL continued

making six tackles, busting up two passes, recovering a fumble and running back an interception 70 yards for a touchdown.

Minnesota's new coach, Joe Salem, spring a new offense on visiting Ohio State—a double wing T with a man in motion. The Gophers scored the first two times they had the ball to take a lead over the Buckeyes for the first time since 1972 and were on top 17-7 at halftime. From there on, though, State tightened its defense and Quarterback Art Schlichter perked up the offense, most notably with a 32-yard touchdown jump in the fourth period that gave OSU a 21-17 victory. Minnesota lost despite a 221-yard rushing effort by Fullback Garry White and despite having a 505-to-295-yard edge in total offense.

All the scoring at Illinois came in the third period. Gerry Ellis of Missouri sandwiching scoring runs of 19 and 24 yards around a three-yarder by Mike Holmes of the Illini. Ellis finished with 173 yards rushing, and the Tigers made their 14-6 lead stand up.

Among the other Big Eight teams to beat outsiders were Nebraska, which throttled Utah State 35-14, and Oklahoma, which labored past Iowa 21-6. Jeff Quinn became the first Husker quarterback since 1964 to run for 100 or more yards, ending up with 112. Also among Nebraska's 551 yards gained were 96 passing yards by Quinn and 167 rushing yards by L. M. Hipp, who scored three times. Oklahoma had the same old problem: fumbles. The Sooners lost five of their seven bobbles. Three were coughed up by Heisman Trophy winner Billy Sims, who gained 106 yards in 23 carries and scored twice.

For the first time since 1963 Colorado was blanked at home, losing 44-0 to Louisiana State. The Tigers scored in every period, stole four passes and yielded only 21 yards rushing.

### 1. NEBRASKA (1-0)

### 2. NOTRE DAME (1-0) 3. OKLAHOMA (1-0)

**WEST** With Los Angeles in the midst of its worst heat-wave/smog siege in nearly 25 years, Purdue Coach Jim Young delayed for a day his team's arrival in L.A. to play UCLA. In the end, Young wished he hadn't shown up at all. His Boilermakers fell behind 21-0 en route to being upset 31-21. On offense, the Bruins were paced by Tailback Freeman McNeil, who ran for 176 yards, and Quarterback Rick Bashore, who threw for two touchdowns and twice plunged a yard for passes. Purdue's Mark Herrmann, who was sacked three times and had three of his throws intercepted, connected on 14 of 24 passes for 191 yards and two TDs.

Three other Pac 10 teams defeated non-conference opponents. Washington flattened Utah 41-7 with the aid of a 95-yard kickoff return for a TD by Kyle Stevens. Washington State beat Montana 34-14, and Stanford overcame a 29-24 deficit to beat San Jose State 45-29 as Tailback Mike Dotterer set a school

mark for a freshman by scoring three times.

Southern Cal and California won conference games. "We're not No. 1," teased USC Coach John Robinson. "We're just struggling." Some struggle. Even without Heisman Trophy aspirant Charles White (injured shoulder) and Offensive Tackle Anthony Munoz (out for the season with torn ligaments in his left knee), the Trojans creamed Oregon State 42-5. USC scored on its first five possessions and got 126 yards rushing and

## PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

**OFFENSE:** Junior Quarterback Jay Venuto, who didn't throw a pass all last season, completed 20 of 34 attempts for 273 yards and three touchdowns in leading Wake Forest to a 22-21 upset over highly favored Georgia.

**DEFENSE:** Mike Singletary, a 6'1", 227-pound junior linebacker for Baylor, had a hand in 22 tackles—12 of them solos—and recovered a Texas A&M fumble as the Bears surprised the Aggies by a score of 17-7.

two touchdowns from freshman Tailback Mike Harper, who filled in for White. Cal won 10-7 at Arizona, where Joe Cooper boosted a wobbly, partially blocked 31-yard field goal with two seconds left.

### 1. USC (2-0)

### 2. WASHINGTON (2-0) 3. UCLA (1-1)

**EAST** Pittsburgh and Penn State displayed new offensive talents as they won easily. Fullback Randy McMillan, who led North Hartford (Md.) JC to a 20-0 record the past two seasons, rumbled for 141 yards in the Panthers' 24-0 rout of Kansas. And freshman Quarterback Dan Marino flicked a 23-yard scoring pass to senior Ralph Still, who also scored twice on passes from first-string signal caller Rick Troiano. Penn State's new quarterback, Dayle Tate, passed for two touchdowns, and freshman Tailback Curt Warner scored on runs of seven and 18 yards and on a 62-yard pass play in the second period. Warner ended up with 100 yards rushing, 109 on four kickoff returns and 71 more on two pass catches. That gave him a total of 280 yards gained, a record for a Nittany Lion freshman. Final score: Penn State 45, Rutgers 10.

Syracuse beat West Virginia 24-14. Joe Morris rushed for 166 yards for the Orange, and David Warner tossed a 38-yard TD pass.

Both Army and Navy scored 26 points and both won. The Cadets' new coach, Lou Saban, came up with a 26-10 victory over Connecticut in his debut. The Middies stormed The Citadel 26-7.

### 1. PENN STATE (1-0)

### 2. PITTSBURGH (1-0) 3. SYRACUSE (1-1)



# Zenith Audio Components. Specs, specs & more specs.

You know the Zenith name means great television. Now it means great audio, too. Check out some of the specs.

## SPECS ON POWER

Zenith's MC7051 receiver delivers 40 watts per channel minimum. With both channels driven into 8 ohms from 20 to 20,000 Hz, there's only 0.05% or less Total Harmonic Distortion.



The pre-amp section provides excellent tone with a minimum of distortion. There are Hi and Lo filters. A loudness switch. Two-way tape monitor. And much more.

The tuner has IC's and ceramic filters to help eliminate noise and station interference. A Phase-Locked Loop MPX-IC gives pinpoint stereo separation by locking onto the stereo signal of the station you select.

## SPECS ON SOUND



Allegro 4000 speakers are so efficient that comparable-sized air suspension speakers need twice the amplifier power to match their sound reproduction.

They're accurate, too. As illustrated here, the Allegro 4000 response curve is so flat, it hardly looks like a curve at all.

The Allegro 4000 has a 12-inch cone type woofer with a high excursion phenolic voice coil. A



midrange with a 5-inch cone in its own subenclosure. And a brilliant 3 1/4-inch horn tweeter.

Allegro 4000's, like all Allegro speakers, also feature a tuned port that uses air pumped by the woofer to extend and reinforce the bass response. And helps reduce distortion.

And for final fine tuning, the treble and midrange controls are right up front.

## SPECS ON DIRECT DRIVE

Zenith's MC9050 direct-drive, semi-automatic turntable eliminates "cogging" because torque remains constant. You get no hesitation. And better than -70dB of rumble. At 0.03% WRMS, wow and flutter are virtually eliminated.



The raised platter is heavy die-cast and lathe-cut aluminum weighing nearly three pounds. The tone arm is a highly sensitive, static-balanced S shape made of tubular aluminum for a gentle tracking force. Combined with a high quality magnetic cartridge, you get excellent performance and tracking.

The MC9050 also includes strobe, anti-skate control and bidirectional hydraulically-damped cueing.

## SPECS ON TAPE

For fast start ups, Zenith's MC9070 Stereo Cassette Deck depends on a reliable high-torque, frequency-governed DC motor. There are three-position bias and equalization switches that assure you optimum frequency response on any type of tape: 30 to 15,000 Hz on normal, 30 to 15,000 Hz on CrO<sub>2</sub> and 30 to 16,000 Hz on FeCr.



You get twin VU meters. And you can set the level for each channel during record.

To make your recording and playback even better, we included a Dolby<sup>®</sup> Noise Reduction system.

## THERE'S MORE TO ZENITH THAN SPECS, SPECS, SPECS

What really counts is the sound. So stop by your nearby Zenith dealer and listen closely to the full line of components he has to offer. And let your ears be the final judge.

**ZENITH**  
The quality goes in  
with the name goes on.

Dolby is a registered trademark of  
Dolby Laboratories, Inc.

# Audio. The Flipside of Zenith.

**Having Vicky's  
tonsils out  
in Phoenix  
got her home  
to the ice cream  
two days faster.  
And two days  
cheaper.**





## She had one-day surgery in a Surgicenter.

If you think the cost of feeding and housing a family is out of sight, consider the cost of health care. In recent years it's also climbed faster than the rate of inflation itself.

That's why an ambulatory surgical center is such a boon to Phoenix's families. It's impressively reducing surgical costs by eliminating hospital stays for routine procedures whenever possible. Vicky's tonsillectomy, for instance.

Look at these figures. Based on a cost study of eight operations, using the Surgicenter's facilities costs from 42% to 61% less than the hospital's. Even surgeon's fees are lower, from 18% to 38%.

Now that's proof-positive health care costs can be contained. All it takes is the interest and commitment of aware communities like Phoenix.

We're really hopeful their success will inspire others to follow suit. Because as a major part of the nation's private health insurance system, which provides general health care coverage for 179,000,000 Americans and protection against major medical expenses for nearly 140,000,000, one of our deep commitments is to keeping health care affordable to the greatest number of people. And if costs can be kept down, premiums can, too.

And we're doing our part to help. For instance, many of our companies are cutting costs by paying for pre-hospitalization testing and second opinions for surgery.

If you're interested in cutting health care costs in your corner of the world, we're interested in helping you out. We've put together a booklet on Cutting Health Care Costs with Ambulatory Surgical Centers. And it's free. Write us at Health Insurance Institute, Department 16, 1850 K Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006.

## **THE HEALTH INSURANCE COMPANIES IN AMERICA**

Let's Keep Health Care Healthy.



*As his son and dad listen, Yaz makes another hit*

## The last was the toughest

*No. 3,000 for Carl Yastrzemski was only a ground ball, but it set off fireworks*

When it came, it came simply and—considering the occasion—undramatically, a routine ground ball just past the reach of Yankee Second Baseman Willie Randolph with two outs and no one on in the ninth inning of a 9-2 game. But the point was that it had come, at last, and as Carl Yastrzemski rounded first base shortly after 9:39 p.m. on Wednesday, Sept. 12, the celebration began. Horns blared, streamers sailed from the bleachers, and the message board blinked “3000/3000/3000.” Yaz had his 3,000th hit, becoming the 15th player to get that many in the majors and the first American Leaguer to have 3,000 hits and 400 home runs.

As the game was stopped and teammates, Yankees, family, fans, photographers, owners, politicians, publicity hounds and security guards engulfed Yastrzemski, his face showed the strain of the previous few days. “I just wish it were over,” he had said repeatedly to the horde of newsmen who had followed him. Now it was.

“I know one thing,” Yaz said when he stepped to a microphone that had been brought to the first-base coach’s box. “This one was the hardest of the 3,000.” He laughed and continued, “I took so long to do it because I’ve enjoyed all those standing ovations you’ve given me the last three days.” Then, seriously, “I’ve faced all kinds of pressure situations before, but none of them ever bothered me. This did. I was almost embarrassed I hadn’t gotten it the last couple of days.”

The ordeal had really begun two and a half months before. On June 30 Yaz homered off old friend Luis Tiant of the Yankees for a 3-2 Red Sox victory. That hit, in the season’s 72nd game, was the 2,950th of his career and gave him a batting average of .306, with 16 homers and 53 RBIs. To his teammates it seemed certain that only those among them who held mid-August dates in the clubhouse pool on No. 3,000 had a chance of collecting the \$210 in the pot.

But that day Yastrzemski’s right Achilles tendon became inflamed, and soon the left one started bothering him, too. He limped through the second half of

the season. The pain in his ankles became so severe that he played in sneakers. By Wednesday night he was playing first base with spikes on his left foot and a sneaker on his right. When he came to bat in the ninth, he had hit only .220 with five homers and 26 RBIs since June 30. Yaz, 40, was looking it.

Hit No. 2,999 had come on his last at bat on Sunday, Sept. 9, so that it seemed reasonable he would get the big one the next night. On Monday evening, scalpers were getting \$50 a ticket on Yankee Way, local pals came piling out of their limos, and as Yastrzemski stepped to the plate with two out in the first, everyone in Fenway Park stood and roared for him. A plane circled overhead flashing YAZ—3,000, and with each pitch from Baltimore’s Dennis Martinez, thousands of flashbulbs flickered in the ball park.

Well, the flashbulbs kept flickering, pitch after pitch, for three days and 13 at bats. Yastrzemski flied out his first time up Monday and went 0 for 4 for the night, admitting, after going 24 games without a walk—and this is the man who is fifth on the alltime list in walks—that he was “anxious and swinging at pitches I normally would never swing at.” In the first inning Tuesday he faced the Yankees and Tiant, whom Yaz calls “brother,” and finally did walk, to begin an 8-for-3 night against Tiant. Ron Davis and Rich Gossage.

Yastrzemski tried to pretend that none of this was getting to him. At 4:15 each afternoon he threw batting practice to his 17-year-old son Mike and performed his usual clubhouse pranks, but the strain on him and everyone around him was beginning to show. By Wednesday night scalpers were getting only \$12 a seat. There were no planes overhead, and only two banners remained in the bleachers. Yaz’ four children were missing school in Florida. They were part of a family entourage of 26 that Yaz kiddingly said was “making this the most expensive hit of my career—they’re costing me \$600 a day.”

Catfish Hunter walked Yastrzemski his first time up Wednesday and was roundly booed for it. But the standing ovations for Yaz continued, even as he made

*continued*



# Ready in a flash!

## New Kodak Ektralite cameras.



Kodak Tele-Ektralite 20 camera:  
Built-in, flip-out flash. Tele lens.



Kodak Ektralite 30 camera: Built-in,  
flip-out flash. Auto-exposure control.



Kodak Tele-Ektralite 40 camera: Built-in,  
flip-out flash. Tele lens. Auto-exposure.



Brand-new Kodak cameras with a flash that flips out at the touch of a button. So you're always ready in a flash for sharp, clear pictures.



Three cameras, and one is right for you.

©Eastman Kodak Company 1979

OFFICIAL PHOTO CONSULTANT TO  
THE 1980 OLYMPIC WINTER GAMES



# Discover Camel Lights



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

# satisfaction.



**The Camel World of satisfaction  
comes to low tar smoking.**

This is where it all started. Camel quality,  
now in a rich tasting Camel blend for smooth,  
low tar smoking. Camel Lights brings the  
solution to taste in low tar.

out his next three times up against Hunter and Jim Beattie. After he hit a ground-er to second in the sixth, Yastrzemski had had 12 plate appearances, and had gone 0 for 10 with two walks, since 2,999; he was 1 for 18 and 13 for 78 in the count-down. If he failed in this game, he would have to face Ron Gaudry, who's murder on lefthanded hitters, the next night. If he missed then, he would have to wait a full week because Manager Don Zimmer had decided The Hit should come at home, and the Red Sox were about to embark on a seven-game road trip.

Beattie, who'd grown up in Portland, Maine idolizing Yastrzemski, tried a fast-ball, and Yaz pulled in past Randolph and into rightfield. With that, bedlam.

So Carl Yastrzemski has joined Willie Mays, Henry Aaron and Stan Musial as the only players to have 3,000 hits and 400 home runs. He has the lowest lifetime average (.288) of the four, but the painful grind to that final single was typical of the traits that mark his greatness—simplicity and will.

The first hit had come 7,036 days before, on April 11, 1961, against Ray Herbert of the Kansas City A's. On that day Charles O. Finley was enjoying his first game as an owner, and one of the present Red Sox owners, Haywood Sullivan, caught for Boston. "I honestly don't remember it," said Yastrzemski. "But I'll remember this, and all that went into it."

## THE WEEK

(September 9-15)

by KATHLEEN ANDRIA

**AL EAST** The crowds at Fenway Park cheered for Yaz' 3,000th hit, but they let Manager Don Zimmer and owners Haywood Sullivan and Buddy LeRoux. And why not? The team had lost 18 of 25 and had nothing to look forward to except 1990. A second highlight of the week took place in Baltimore. Bob Watson singled, doubled, tripled and homered—in that order—to become the first Red Sox player to hit for the cycle since 1968, when Yaz himself

performed the feat. The Sox, who were 3-4, beat the Orioles in that game, but they also lost two to the Birds (2-4), both to Steve Stone, who has won eight of his last 10 Manager Earl Weaver's main worry was the Birds' hitting. "This is the most nerve-racking time of the year," he said. "I keep telling people there is a long way to go." With an 11-game lead, not many people believe him.

Milwaukee (3-3) doesn't. At least, not Pitcher Moose Haas, who said, "To be realistic, we're not going to finish first. So we have to battle it out with Boston now." Some of that battling was done with fists, but with the Angels. For the second straight week Larry Sorensen threw balls at Dan Ford. Ford retaliated by throwing a bat at Sorensen, and players from both benches threw punches at everyone else—except Frank Howard, the Brewers' 6' 7", 285-pound first-base coach.

Exactly one year after the Yankees (3-3) moved into first place after trading the Red Sox by 14 games, they were just two behind Boston but in fourth. The season was lost for the team but not for the players. Ron Gaudry struck out 11 Red Sox to win his 11th straight and 17th this year. In an effort to help Ron get to 20, Billy Martin offered him a shot at an

*continued*

# DOS EQUIS

Discover the rich, distinctive taste of Dos Equis. The strong character of real beer, with a light, natural carbonation that makes Dos Equis easy to get along with, glass after glass.

Dos Equis. The beer that stands out from the crowd. Just like you.

**The uncommon import  
with two X's for a name.**

© 1979 CERVECERIA MOCTEZUMA, S.A.





As we do every year at this time, Exxon is building heating oil inventories to help meet winter needs. At the same time, we are trying to provide an adequate supply of gasoline for our customers.

Crude oil, from which both heating oil and gasoline are refined, remains in tight supply. This limits our ability to make more heating oil unless we make less gasoline.

Drivers are using less gasoline now than they were last year. That has helped us bring our heating oil inventories to about the same level as a year ago. But both continued restraint in driving and careful use of heating oil this winter remain important.



easy win by taking over for an injured Don Hood in the second inning with the Yankees leading Detroit 5-0. True to character, Guidry declined in favor of Ron Davis, who, with a 12-2 record and eight saves has a chance to be Rookie of the Year. "It wouldn't be fair," said Guidry. Davis got the win. That was the Tigers' (4-1) only loss. In their previous four games they outscored their opponents 25-6.

Bobby Bonds of the Indians (1-4) asked to be relieved of his outfield duties. The boo birds, he said, were getting to him. After conferring with the front office, Bonds found himself as a DH. With the score tied 10-10 in the bottom of the ninth, Bonds stepped to the plate—far from the jeering crowd—and hit a grand slam off Toronto's Tom Runney, giving the Indians a record eighth for the season. The Blue Jays (4-2) scarcely had time to mourn the loss. They beat Baltimore—twice. They hadn't done it once since Aug. 8, 1978, when Tom Underwood got the win. He got another, and rookie Butch Edge followed with a six-hitter the next night. It was only the third winning week for the Jays this year.

BALT 96-50 MIL 86-62 BOS 62-63 NY 80-65  
DET 79-69 CLE 74-73 TOR 48-69

**AL WEST** "What it boils down to is, nobody in this division has played championship-caliber baseball," said Manager Gene Mauch after his Twins (4-4) had split a series with the Royals. "Somebody will be champion, yes, but nobody's played championship baseball." Indeed they haven't. At the end of the week the first-place Angels (2-3) had a win-loss percentage of only .547. In the East they would be in fifth place, 16 games out, and in either National League division, they would be third.

It was a frustrating week for Mauch. On Monday in Kansas City, with the score tied 5-5 in the 13th, the Twins loaded the bases with nobody out. But the Royals escaped unscathed, helped by a short-to-home-to-third double play that Manager Whitey Herzog called the most unusual he'd seen in his 30 years in baseball. Had Mauch ever witnessed anything like it? After watching his team lose the game in the 14th, Mauch junior replied, "I may have—before I started junior high."

The Angels beat the Brewers twice but lost twice to the surprising White Sox (4-2). Nolan Ryan lasted just 14 pitches in an 8-7 loss, giving up five runs on four hits in a third of an inning and Chris Knapp survived only two-thirds of an inning, losing 11-5.

Last month, following several trades with New York clubs, Brad Corbett, owner of the Rangers (4-3), was nicknamed Chukles the Clown by a local writer. Last week, after former Yankee Mickey Rivers went 5 for 5—two homers and three singles—in a 5-3 win over Minnesota, and Willie Marmorek hit his fifth home run of the year, all since leaving

the Mets, and a grand slam at that, it was Corbett who was doing the chuckling.

Seattle's Leon Roberts walloped a grand slam, too, as the Mariners (2-4) beat the Royals 7-5. Wayne Gross of Oakland (3-4) left his glasses at home and decided to "hit natural" in Chicago. His pinch grand slam was the A's first since Reggie Jackson hit one in 1970. And Matt Keough, who, after breaking an 18-game losing streak last week, declared himself 1-0, dropped a 5-0 decision to Milwaukee to make it 1-1.

CAL 61-67 KC 78-70 MINN 76-72 TEX 74-75  
CH 64-63 SEA 62-67 OAK 62-67

**NL EAST** The bases were loaded in the bottom of the ninth, and Tug McGraw of Philadelphia (4-2) had a shot at a major league record—most grand-slam home runs allowed, season. McGraw had given up four, and now, facing the Mets' Doug Flynn, he could surrender a fifth. Instead, McGraw got Flynn to hit into a routine double play—fly ball to center, runner thrown out at the plate. A TV replay showed that Catcher Bob Boone had juggled the throw, but Umpire Terry Tata called base runner Joel Youngblood out. "Nice catch, nice drop, nice recovery," said McGraw. And of his missed record: "Just goes to show I'm a team man. I'm not one for personal records."

Teammate Pete Rose is. Starting the week 32 hits shy of becoming the first major leaguer to have 100 200-hit seasons, Rose picked up 17, extending his hitting streak to a personal season high of 12 games and raising his average from .311 to .327. He also put in his bid for the Danny Ozark/Dallas Green manager's job—a position that seems to have as many applicants, including Leo Durocher—as Rose has hits. Included among those names supposedly in the hat is that of the Mets' Joe Torre, whose team was 0-5 and has lost 23 of its last 28 games to fall 32½ back.

The Phils matched the Cubs (2-5) into fifth. And although Chicago's Dave Kingman got his 45th home run to lead Mike Schmidt of the Phils by three, Kong lost a home-run hitting contest with Schmidt, 9-4, at the Vet. In the regular game neither man hit one out.

The questions of the week were: Who is in first place? And how many games back are they? On Wednesday, Montreal was in first by .0002—but because of a statistical anomaly, stood a half game behind Pittsburgh. While everyone was trying to figure that one out, the question became moot. The Expos fell .001 behind the Pirates, half a game out. "It seems" we're a team of destiny," the Expos were chanting after winning a game on a fluke single that hit a seam in the artificial turf. But just to make sure, the Expos held a chapel service every Sunday and have had high attendance. Unfortunately, destiny has conspired to make Montreal rest on the seventh day: three times this year. Sunday

doubleheaders have been rained out, and the Expos were faced with five twin bills in the remaining 15 days of the season.

The only bright spot for the 1-4 Cardinals was another win by rookie John Fulgham, his ninth, all of their complete games. Although St. Louis still leads the league in team batting with a .281 average, it has failed to cash in often enough on its hits, stranding 100 more men on base than its opponents.

The Pirates (4-0) continued to swash without buckling. They have won 15 of their last 19 games. After picking up two wins and a save, Reliever Kent Tekulve said, "There's no pressure. It's just fun."

PIT 48-57 MON 46-56 ST. L 77-67  
PHI 75-72 CH 74-72 NY 55-85

**NL WEST** It promised to be the "pitchers' battle" of the year: J. R. Richard vs. Tom Seaver; Astros vs. Reds; Smoke vs. Fire; a battle for first place. The teams had jugged their rotations for the confrontation. But the duel lasted only three innings, and neither pitcher made it to the seventh. By the time the dust had settled and Reliever Tom Hume got the last out for a 9-8 Reds' victory, eight pitchers had given up 17 runs on 28 hits. The next night the teams' No. 2 pitchers—Mike LaCoss and Joe Niekro—faced each other. This time nine pitchers gave up 11 runs on 23 hits, with Hume once again getting the final out for his 15th save. Shell-shocked, the teams headed for the West Coast, the Reds (3-2) in front of the Astros (2-3) by 1½ games.

The Dodgers (4-2) were waiting. They even had 100° weather and the worst snow in a quarter of a century to greet the visiting

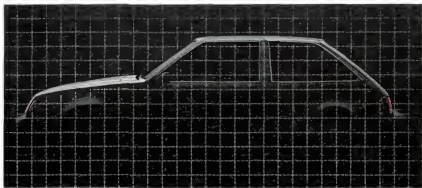
#### PLAYER OF THE WEEK

**RICK SUTCLIFFE:** The Dodger rookie beat the Reds twice, allowing just one run on five hits in one game and no runs on three hits in the other. He has won seven of his last eight and is the Dodgers' leading winner with 15.

Reds. While the Reds rubbed their eyes, rookie Rick Sutcliffe smoked baseballs by them—he had a no-hitter for 6½ innings—and got his first major league shutout, 2-0, his second win of the week over the Reds. The Giants (2-4) were held to four hits by the Astros' Vern Riffe, but the next day the Astros lost, the Reds won and their lead was back to 1½ games. The Giants also beat Atlanta (4-2), but lost two to the Braves, as did San Diego (2-4), which fell to within two games of the cellar. Randy Jones and Bob Ojswick got the only wins for the Padres while Gaylord Perry was back home planting his fall corn.

CIN 84-64 HOU 62-65 LA 71-77  
SF 65-84 SD 62-67 ATL 50-86

# MITSUBISHI BUILDS fuel economy in at the drawing board.



That's how Mitsubishi succeeded in getting their rating as the #1 gasoline fuel economy car in California for 1979. That's no easy task. The more

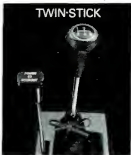
**CALIF. EPA EST.**

**32** EST. MPG.

**43** HWY. EST.

stringent the emissions regulations are, as in California, the tougher it is to get good MPG. Getting there was no lucky break. Traditionally innovative Mitsubishi engineers are constantly looking for new ways to design the ultimate in efficient automobiles. The aerodynamic bodysell

was one step. Even more important was the development of the MCA-JET system by Mitsubishi. This quiet revolution in automotive engine de-



sign features a third, or "jet," valve that provides for more efficient fuel combustion, with excellent performance, while allowing us to meet—and often exceed—today's tough emission standards.

Then Mitsubishi engineers went on to design an innovative transmission—the Mitsubishi Twin-Stick. In POWER, you have four gears of lively performance. In ECONOMY, you have a four-speed range designed to deliver optimum fuel economy in stop/start in-town and highway driving.

But Mitsubishi isn't about to settle for its 1979 record. No auto maker is more aware that the needs of the next decade are going to be even more demanding than those of the last. And when better to set a new benchmark than in 1980?

If we do it, it won't be a lucky break.



**MITSUBISHI**  
MOTORS CORPORATION

The features described above are available exclusively on Dodge Corolla Hatchback and Plymouth Champ.

## Now, improve your game 2 ways!

### 1. SI's Famous Basic Series

What a great way to get started! America's sports experts guide you surely and simply every step of the way. No nonsense text and clear-cut illustrations help you learn the basics and improve your game fast.

Handover 96 pages  
5 1/4 x 8 1/4" \$5.95 each



61 **Quesada, How to  
Spend** Playing out on  
you. The perfect day.

(d) Draw a line through the hair, cutting the hair, called a split end, on the hair.

### Q3 Flying Winner Heading Drifting Back Into Position

64. **Baselines** Sunny  
 Sick handling: **Checking**  
 Cost: **medium**

#### 86 Equipment Leasing

Q8 The events are listed from long jump to 100m. Finish the



87. Proper training is each employee's responsibility. Which training practice would be most effective?

**68** **Loumont's** Programs live each body part. Muscle-building for specific needs.

66. Last play: Receiver. Rightwing backs. Block for tightend. Tightend fundamentals.

**10 Handoffs Fails**  
The Pace: Execution  
Rating: 4.0  
Catching

18. Sailing for Britain's left: Tackling Jibing Masterson the spin Silver Cupists

12. Collegiate wrestling;  
basic takedowns;  
escapes and reversals;  
breakdowns and pins

**13** The course: Grip swing and stance  
Fetch chip putt and short iron

4. **Grip: Throw**  
Choke. Armlock. Heel  
to fall. Judo. Judo and  
Brazilian Judo.



**15** The gap. Developing strokes. Serving. Smart net play. Winning the rally.

**96** Basic posters. In setting up a poster, a servant team should consider the following:



**Running for Women** At last! A training guide geared to women's physiology. Complete and invaluable for joggers and competitive runners.

**Scuba Diving** A practical diving course: from spring snorkel or SCUBA like a pro to dealing with sharks and no-buys.

**Requiem** The hot new sport, from basic strokes to position play and winning strategy — even how to get through your opponent.

## 2. NEW! The Training Library

Now learn your game and build your skills in extra depth. Large format Sports Illustrated Training Library books give you more information, in more pages, take you farther into your sport than ever. Scores of pictures and detailed text let you take advantage of everything the experts have to offer — from conditioning how-tos to winning strategies.

Hardcover, 168-192 pages.  
7"x9 1/4": \$8.95 each.

THE DO-IT THIS WAY BOOKS FROM

**Sports Illustrated**

**YES** Please send me book(s) in quantities indicated. I understand that if not completely satisfied, I will receive a refund for any book returned within 10 days.

Basic series \$5.95 each

- | Basic series \$5.95 each |                         |                      |
|--------------------------|-------------------------|----------------------|
| 01 Basketball            | 10 Football Quarterback | 18 Dog Training      |
| 02 Hitting               | 11 Small Boat Sailing   | 19 Baseball          |
| 03 Soccer                | 12 Wrestling            | 21 Horseback Riding  |
| 04 Ice Hockey            | 13 Golf                 | 22 Powerboating      |
| 05 Fly Fishing           | 14 Judo                 | 23 Stargazing        |
| 06 Trace Fossil Events   | 15 Tennis               | 24 Squash            |
| 07 Track Running Events  | 16 Volleyball           | 25 Swimming & Diving |
| 08 Training with Weights | 17 Badminton            | 26 Table Tennis      |
| 09 Football Offense      | 18 Baseball             | 27 Football Defense  |

**NEW!** THE TRAINING LIBRARY \$8.95 EACH  
☐ Running for Women ☐ Scuba Diving ☐ Racquetball

For \_\_\_\_\_ books @ \$5.95 each, \$ \_\_\_\_\_  
 For \_\_\_\_\_ books @ \$8.95 each, \$ \_\_\_\_\_  
 Handling & postage, \$ 1.00  
**TOTAL \$ \_\_\_\_\_**

☐ Check or  
☐ Money Order enclosed

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

MAIL TO: SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, P.O. BOX 1200, GRAND CENTRAL STATION, N.Y. 10017

CASE 11

## He exterminated a Termite

*Howard Davis continued his relentless march toward a shot at the lightweight title by boring in on Termit Watkins*

September Friday nights in Houston belong to a Texas frenzy called high school football, so it was not surprising that there were plenty of empty seats last week in the Summit where lightweight Howard Davis, one of the U.S. heroes of the 1976 Olympics, was scoring a bloody 10-round decision over highly ranked Termit Watkins. This didn't bother Davis. He has played to half-empty arenas before.

Overshadowed by the more flamboyant exploits of Olympic teammates Leon Spinks, Sugar Ray Leonard and, lately, John Tate, Davis' development as a professional has been steady yet relatively unspectacular. Though that approach has been rewarding both financially and in terms of his maturation as a fighter, it has cost him in celebrity.

People expect more of their heroes, especially Olympic gold-medal winners who have \$1.5-million contracts with CBS. It is not enough that Davis wins. Knights must fight great big dragons—little dragons don't count. Nor has it helped that Davis has chosen to be less active than Leonard, who has had 24 fights. Davis turned pro on Jan. 1, 1977 and the Watkins fight was only his 12th.

Davis has had his brilliant moments. In his fourth bout he knocked out Dom Morano, a tough club fighter who hadn't been stopped in his previous 33 fights. His next match was against Arturo Pineda, who had fought Ishimatsu Suzuki of Japan, then the WBC lightweight champion, to a draw in a world-title bout. Davis stopped Pineda in three.

Giancarlo Usai was the Italian lightweight champion and was ranked No. 2 in the world by *The Ring* magazine when he met Davis. In more than 40 fights Usai had been knocked out only once, by Ken Buchanan, the former world lightweight titleholder, in 12 rounds. Davis stopped him in the third round. And in the bout before the one with Watkins, Davis knocked out Jose Hernandez, the Mexican lightweight champion.

"Heck," says Hank Kaplan, a noted boxing historian from Miami, "if Davis had been fighting in the pretelevision days, the experts would have hung his

managers for throwing him to the wolves. Compared to the great fighters from that era, Davis' progress has been nothing short of spectacular."

In making Watkins his 12th victim, Davis was beating the WBA's No. 4 lightweight contender and the WBC's No. 6. According to both the WBA and WBC Davis was No. 9.

Davis was paid \$225,000 for the Watkins fight—\$185,000 by CBS and \$40,000 by the Houston promoters. He has three more fights remaining with CBS, each calling for \$185,000, on a contract that runs until September of 1980.

CBS gave Davis \$50,000 just for signing with it in 1977. The contract also called for him to receive \$40,000 for each of three six-rounders; \$50,000 for each of six eight-rounders, and \$185,000 per fight for six 10-rounders.

After Davis' sixth fight it was decided that he was ready to move up to 10-rounders ahead of schedule, and the contract was rewritten, giving him \$100,000 for each of his first three 10-round fights. And there was a clause stipulating that, should Davis be injured either in or out of the ring, CBS would pay him \$4,000 a month for the life of the contract. But after some pressure from a House subcommittee that was examining television's growing involvement in boxing, CBS dropped its exclusive rights to Davis' fights, leaving him free to box on any network. Obviously, Howard Davis is a wealthy young fighter with a lot of earning potential, considering that he has had only 12 pro fights.

By contrast, Beau Jack, one of the more lustrous lightweight champions, fought an unknown named Ritchie Jones in his 12th fight and beat him in three



*Davis used his jab to keep Watkins backing off*

rounds. He didn't fight a 10-rounder until his 38th fight, against a nonentity named Carmelo Fenoy.

In his 12th bout, Ike Williams, another great lightweight champ, fought Joe Genovese and beat him in five rounds. Twenty-six fights later Williams had his first 10-rounder, against Ray Brown, an ordinary club fighter. He didn't box a world-rated fighter, Bob Montgomery, until 10 fights after that. Of course, boxing was a vastly different—

*continued*

and much less lucrative—game in Jack's and Williams' day.

Davis didn't arrive in Houston until four days before his fight with Watkins. The previous week he had been thumbed in his right eye during a sparring session with Aaron Pryor, and there was immediate fear that the Watkins fight would have to be called off. "The eye slammed shut," Davis said. "Then one morning I woke up and it was fine."

The first thing the 23-year-old from Glen Cove, N.Y., did after arriving in Texas was to search for a health-food store. He is a dedicated and almost fanatical vegetarian.

Davis began experimenting with his diet more than a year ago, but it wasn't until last April that he became really serious. He then went on a two-week fast, during which he consumed nothing but water, shed 20 pounds, dropping to 119.

"I couldn't believe it. He got younger looking and thinner, and I aged five years," says Davis' co-manager, Mike Jones.

The fast, Davis explained, was designed to clean out his system. Since that time he has eaten nothing except raw vegetables, fruits and nuts. For Watkins he weighed 133½.

"The difference from eating bad, from eating dead flesh, to eating right is fantastic," Davis said. "I feel more serene, more peaceful. I don't get mad anymore. If anything, I am stronger and faster."

Watkins had done some fasting of his own, but for a more conventional reason. For his last two fights he had weighed 140½, making him a small welterweight. For Davis he had to get down to 135—or pay a penalty of \$10,000 for every pound over that weight. He hit the mark exactly.

The Houston fight was as important to Watkins as it was to Davis. Watkins had just turned down a \$25,000 offer—plus \$2,000 for expenses—to fight Scotland's Jim Watt, the WBC lightweight champion, on Nov. 3 in Glasgow. He had agreed to the title bout on June 20 but later decided against it.

"How can you beat a Scotsman in Scotland?" asks Pete Ashlock, who co-

manages Watkins. Also, London-based promoter Mickey Duff had stipulated that Watkins, if he won, would have to fight his first three defenses for Duff.

"Options have to be taken out of the boxing world," Ashlock says. "If a man wins a title, he should be allowed to fight for whom and where he wants."

Gil Clancy, the Madison Square Garden matchmaker, had told both Davis and Watkins that the winner of their bout

being timid once he put on the gloves.

Outside of the ring Watkins is soft-spoken and gentlemanly. "It's like fighting Donny Osmond," says Dennis Rappaport, another of Davis' managers. Inside the ring, Termini, who's so nicknamed because his father was an exterminator, becomes a brawler. Trying to brake Davis' blinding speed, his plan was to lunge in behind a busy jab, slam a right to the body and grab

Davis expected Watkins to come at him, so his plan was to back Termini up, mostly with a jab. "We've studied him on film," Davis said. "He can't fight going back."

Davis began slowly. He lost the first round, pushing and mugging, hitting and hugging. Then he went to work, swiftly and coolly. In the fifth round he took total command, stinging Watkins with jabs from afar and at one point ripping him with a right uppercut in close. In the eighth, throwing a stiff right in the midst of a furious flurry, Davis opened a deep cut under Watkins' left eye.

The last round was a slug-fest match between two tired fighters, both flatfooted, hitting and being hit, neither taking a step backward. Referee Carlos Padilla scored the round even. Judge Duane Ford gave it to Watkins, 10-9. Judge Richard Steele gave it to Davis, 10-9. No matter. The final numbers were all Davis'—Ford 97-94, Steele 98-93, Padilla 100-95.

Moments later, Davis, poking at a bruise under his right eye with ice wrapped in a washcloth, assessed the man who had assaulted him so primitively.

"He thumbed me five or six times," Davis said without malice. "He held a lot, and butted a lot. It's just a habit. I've seen him do the same thing every fight. He's aggressive, a world-class fighter. He was my toughest fight."

Then Davis smiled. It was the smile of a man who had just made nearly a quarter of a million dollars and whose next fight would be for the lightweight championship of the world. The vegetarian was serene. His time against one of the great big dragons is coming. **END**



Watkins gave up a chance at the title only to be bloodied by Davis

would be offered a fight against Ernesto Espinoza, the WBA champion, most likely in November. Espinoza, Clancy said, had agreed.

With that foremost in mind, Watkins promised at the weigh-in that he would do whatever it took to defeat Davis.

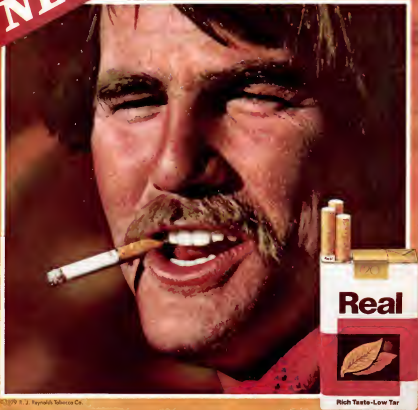
Davis glared at him coldly. "The only way you could beat me," he said, "would be if I had both arms and both legs cut off, and if I lost my vision."

Watkins, who once considered becoming a minister, looked at Davis, shrugged and said, "If that's what it takes..." He hadn't amassed a 46-2-1 record by

**NEW!**

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

king "tar" 1.5 cigarettes av. per cigarette by FTC method



©1979 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

***"Taste Real's new golden taste!  
Richer...mellower than before"***

Real's new golden leaf tobacco blend does it.  
Tastes richer...mellower...more satisfying.  
A taste that's pure gold.

***The smoking man's low tar***





# You've Gotta Have 'Wa'

"Wa" is the Japanese ideal of unity, team play and no individual heroes—a concept that ex-U.S. major-leaguers playing in Japan have had a lot of trouble grasping

by Robert Whiting



Continued

I don't know what it is they play here," grumbled former California Angel Clyde Wright after his first season as a Tokyo Giant. "All I know is, it ain't baseball." Wright had learned what many expatriates in the Land of the Rising Sun had known for years: baseball, Japanese-style, is not the same game that's played in the U.S. Since adopting the sport, the Japanese have changed it around to incorporate the values of samurai discipline, respect for authority and devotion to the group. The result is a uniquely Japanese game, one that offers perhaps the clearest expression among all sports of Japan's national character.

Like the American game, the Nippon version is played with a bat and ball. The same rulebook is also used, but that's where resemblance between the two ends. Training, for example, is nearly a religion in Japan. Baseball players in the U.S. start spring training in March and take no more than five or six weeks to prepare for the season. They spend three to four hours on the field each day and then head for the nearest golf course or swimming pool.

Japanese teams begin training in the freezing cold of mid-January. Each day they're on the field for a number of hours, and then it's off to the dormitory for an evening of strategy sessions and still more workouts indoors. Players run 10 miles every day, and one team, the Taiyo Whales, periodically performs the "Death Climb," 20 sprints up and down the 275 steps of a nearby Shinto shrine.

That's only the beginning. The average Japanese game is more like a board meeting at Mitsubishi than an athletic event. As each new situation arises, there is so much discussion on the field among the manager, coaches and players that most games last three hours.

Unlike their counterparts in the States, losing managers in Japan are seldom fired outright. Instead, they go through an elaborate, time-consuming ritual designed to save face all around. It culminates with a public apology by the deposed skipper, his resignation and, often, an all-expenses-paid trip to the U.S. for him to "study baseball."

Such phenomena are the tip of the iceberg. Below the waterline are the concept and practice of group harmony, or *wa*. It is this concept that most dramatically differentiates Japanese baseball from the American game.



In training, the Taiyo Whales sprint up and down the 275 steps of a Shinto shrine.

The U.S. is a land where the stubborn individualist is honored and where "doing your own thing" is a motto of contemporary society. In Japan, *kojushugi*, the term for individualism, is almost a dirty word. In place of "doing your own thing," the Japanese have a proverb: "The nail that sticks up shall be hammered down." It is practically a national slogan.

In Japan, holdouts are rare. A player takes what the club gives him and that's that. Demanding more money is *kojishugi* at its worst, because it shows the player has put his own interests before those of the team. Katsuya No-

mura, the Nankai Hawk catcher who has hit 652 home runs in his career, said, upon quietly accepting a minuscule raise after winning yet another of his numerous home-run titles, "If I had asked for more money, the other players would have thought I was greedy."

The U.S. player lives by the rule: "I know what's best for me." In Japan, the only ones who know what's best are the manager and coaches. They have the virtues Orientals most respect going for them—age and experience, hence, knowledge. Their word is law. In the interest of team harmony, they demand that everyone do everything the same way. Superstar Sadaharu Oh must endure the same pregame grind as the lowliest first-year player. At 38 Shunichi Eto, a three-time batting champion and a 10-year All-Star, found that 40 minutes of jogging and wind sprints before each game left him exhausted by game time. He asked to be allowed to train at his own pace. "You've been a great player, Eto-san," he was told, "but there are no exceptions on this club. You'll do things according to the rules." Eto lost weight, his batting average dropped, he spent the second half of the season on the bench and then reluctantly announced his retirement. Irrational? Perhaps, but any games lost because Eto was dog-tired were not as important as the example he set.

In the pressure-cooker world of U.S. pro sports, temper outbursts are considered acceptable, and at times even regarded as a salutary show of spirit. Unreleased frustrations, the reasoning goes, might negatively affect a player's concentration. Japanese players are expected to follow Sadaharu Oh's example. "When he strikes out," says an admirer, "he breaks into a smile and trots back to the bench." Oh has been known to be glum during a batting slump, but temper tantrums—along with practical joking, buckering, complaining and other norms of American clubhouse life—are viewed in Japan as unwelcome incursions into the team's collective peace of mind. They offend the finer sensitivities of the Japanese, and as many American players have learned the hard way, Japanese sensitivities are finer.

Michio Arito was the captain of the Lotte Orions, a 10-year veteran and the team's longtime batting mainstay. Because of a badly bruised hand he had been able to play only by taking a lot of painkillers, and before a crucial game that would, as it turned out, mean the pennant for the Orions, the manager decided to replace him with a healthier player. When Arito heard he'd been benched, he yelled, threw his glove and slammed his bat against the bench. Next day, at the Orions' victory party, Arito was summoned forth to atone for his sins. After bowing deeply to all, he said, "I am sorry for my childish actions yesterday. I have upset our team spirit and I deeply apologize."

Jim Lefebvre, a former Los Angeles Dodger infielder who spent five years in Japan, can still not quite believe what he saw there. "It's incredible," he says. "These guys are together almost all the time from January to October. They live together, eat together, play baseball together. I've never seen one fight, one argument. In the States, there's always somebody who mouths off and starts trouble."

If you ask a Japanese manager what he considers the most important ingredient of a winning team, he would most likely answer, *wa*. If you ask him how to knock a team's *wa* away, he'd probably say, "Hire an American."

Former American major-leaguers have been an active part of Japanese baseball for 18 years. The somewhat lower level of play in Japan has given these *gaijin* (outsiders) a temporary reprieve from the athletic scrap heap. And although the Japanese have paid the *gaijin* high salaries, they have not been elated with the overall experience of having them on their teams.

Money is a particular sore point. Foreigners make two to three times as much as Japanese players of similar ability. This, combined with the free Western-style house and the other perks that the *gaijin* seem to view as inalienable rights, sets them too far above their teammates. And more than one American player has brought in an agent to negotiate his contract. That is considered to be in very bad taste. A contract discussion is regarded as a "family affair," with

*continued*



Some Americans, like Cleto Beyer, have accepted Japanese ways.

the official team interpreter, despite his obvious bias, acting as a go-between.

Avarice is only part of it, however. Deportment is the rest. Although few Americans hold a Japanese batting or pitching record, many have established standards in the area of bad conduct. For example, the amiable former Dodger Norm Larker set the Japan single-season high for smashed batting helmets, with eight. Joe Stanka, a 6' 5", 220-pound behemoth, was ejected from games a record four times in his seven-year stay in Japan. Ken Aspromonte, who later managed the Cleveland Indians, was the first man in the history of Japanese baseball to be fined by his manager for "conduct unbecoming a ballplayer."

Aspromonte pulled off this feat during a sojourn with



*Trying to be a good Buddhist, Willie Davis got on teammates' nerves*

the Chunichi Dragons of Nagoya back in 1965. Furious after being called out on strikes, Aspromonte stormed back to the bench, kicked over chairs and launched the inevitable attack on the water cooler. He was just doing what comes naturally to many American players, but Dragon Manager Michio Nishizawa did not enjoy the show. He yanked Aspromonte out of the game and suspended him. An incredulous Aspromonte was fined \$200 and required to visit Nishizawa's home and issue a formal apology to get back in his manager's good graces.

Other Americans have followed in Aspromonte's footsteps. Ex-Giant Daryl Spencer was one of the more mem-

orable. Like most former major-leaguers, Spencer insisted on following his own training routine, and it was considerably easier than everyone else's. One night, as he was lackadaisically going through his pregame workout, his manager on the Hankyū Braves, Yukio Nishimoto, decided something had to be done.

"You don't look sharp, Spencer-san," he said. "You need a rest."

"What do you mean, I need a rest?" Spencer growled. "Who's leading this team in home runs, anyway?"

"I don't think you can hit this pitcher," Nishimoto said.

"I can't hit him? I'm batting .340 against that guy!"

"Not tonight. That's my feeling. You're out."

That was too much for Spencer to take. He was in the dressing room changing into street clothes when he heard his name announced in the starting lineup. Nishimoto had put Spencer down as the third batter, but only because he was planning to "fool" the opposition by inserting a pinch hitter in the first inning.

Now Spencer was smoldering. When the game began and he heard the name of the second batter over the loud-speaker, he decided to get even. Clad in his underwear and shower clogs, he headed for the dugout. Grabbing a bat and smirking in the direction of Nishimoto, he strode out to the on-deck circle to take a few practice swings.

Spencer's entrance delighted the fans, and his picture was in all the papers the next day. Nishimoto was not amused. He ordered Spencer off the field and slapped him with a suspension and a \$200 fine. Spencer paid up, later reporting with a wide grin, "It was worth every penny."

In 1972, John Miller became the first American to be released solely for his misconduct. Miller, who played briefly for the Yankees and Dodgers, arrived in Japan in 1970 and soon became the most dangerous batter on the Chunichi Dragons. He was a battler. A U.S. coach once said, "Miller is the kind of guy I'd want on my team. He'll fight you with everything he has. He doesn't know how to quit."

However, Miller wasn't the kind of guy the Japanese wanted. He was seldom on time for practice. If a workout was scheduled for 2 p.m., Miller would arrive at 2:10. This was more serious than it sounds, because his teammates would invariably be tiring to go by 1:50.

"He always had some excuse," says a team official. "One day it would be because the traffic was heavy. Another day, he'd missed the train. He never once said he was sorry."

When reprimanded for being late, Miller's response was most un-Oriental: "Japanese customs are too military. I do good in the games, don't I? What else matters?"

Miller's hot temper sealed his fate as a Dragon. The coup de grace came in the 12th inning of a big game. Miller had been slumping, and he had a bad game. He had been up four times without a hit. The fifth time, with the score tied, he was removed for a pinch hitter.

Miller blew his top. "You didn't have to take me out," he railed at his manager. "I've had it. I don't want to play for you anymore. I don't care if this team wins or not."

To Americans it would have been a fairly routine example of blowing off steam. To the Japanese, however, Miller might just as well have slit his throat. Although he later apologized and finished the year as the team leader in home

*continued*

# 200 scientists wear this shoe to work.



The Association of Tennis Professionals represents the top 200 tennis players in the world. So when adidas asked the ATP to be sports scientists and design and test a shoe with us, we had 200 demanding professionals to satisfy. The result? A shoe that they're all happy to wear to work. No matter what kind of court they're playing on.

The sole has the multi-grip shell that holds the foot in place and prevents lateral movement. The multi-grip has hundreds of tiny rubber studs for sudden turns or controlled slides even under difficult conditions.

And the perforated full grain leather uppers are designed for maximum comfort.

The ATP shoe has been rigorously tested and retested by ATP members at top international tournaments. So you can be sure of a super-comfortable, long-lasting piece of footwear.

It's the shoe the top 200 tennis scientists in the world are happy to wear to work. What more could you ask for?

**adidas**   
The science of sport

# Nice going, United.



United Van Lines gives music lovers an earful wherever they move. With the same specialized care that goes into protecting fine furnishings, call your nearby United Van Lines agent today. He's listed in the Yellow Pages.

U.C.C. No. MC 67234



**MOVING WITH  
UNITED  
UNITED  
UNITED**  
Van Lines

## ABC Sports Socks. The Greatest Feet In Sports History.



ABC Sports Socks is a new line of athletic socks for men and women available in 104 varieties, with styles specifically designed for running, golf, soccer, racquet sports, winter sports and "All Sports."

With features like cushioned soles, extra absorbent lining, knit-on heels and added ankle, arch and heel support.

All are fade-resistant. All are durable and comfortable.

Look for the ABC Sports Socks & Accessories display where sporting goods are sold. And see why we're the greatest feet in sports history.



ABC SPORTS SOCKS & ACCESSORIES are made of the American-made Lycra® fabric. © 1984, ABC Sports Socks & Accessories, Inc. All rights reserved. ABC Sports Socks & Accessories, Inc. is a subsidiary of the American Textile Manufacturers Institute.

## Japan *continued*

runs, he was released at the end of the season. A second American on the team, Barion Shirley, who batted .190, was kept. He wasn't a battler.

Willie Kirkland, who had played for the Giants and Indians, was a happy-go-lucky sort who liked to tease his teammates. One day Kirkland was bemusedly watching an aging infielder who had recently been elevated to player-coach straining through a batting drill. "Hey, man, you're a coach now," Kirkland yelled playfully. "You don't have to practice anymore."

The player-coach took Kirkland's jest as a comment on his declining usefulness and he launched a roundhouse right that barely missed. It took half a dozen men to restrain him.

"I was just joking," Kirkland protested. "He was making fun of me," the unapreciated coach retorted.

Kirkland left Japan with at least one enemy and considerable doubts about the Japanese sense of humor.

The Japanese didn't find Richie Scheinblum a barrel of laughs, either. A noted clubhouse wit in the U.S., Scheinblum spent his two years as a Hiroshima Carp baiting the umpires. Shane, as he was known on the club's official roster, was frequently agitated by the plate umpire's idea of Scheinblum's strike zone. It was considerably larger than the one Shane had in mind.

Scheinblum searched for a Japanese phrase to convey his sentiments to the men in blue, something that would really get under their collective skins. A Japanese friend came to the rescue, and soon Scheinblum was saying, "You lousy Korean" to arbiters who crossed him.

There is as much love lost between Koreans and Japanese as, say, between William Buckley and Gore Vidal. To the umpires, Scheinblum's taunts were intolerable. To stop him, they imposed a stiff fine each time he uttered the dreaded epithet. When Scheinblum finally departed Japan for the last time, no cries of "Come back, Shane" were heard—at least, not from the umpires.

It wasn't until Clyde Wright came along that rules of behavior for foreigners were finally codified. Wright, a pitcher of some note with the California Angels, made his first Japanese appearance, with the Yomiuri Giants, in 1976. A self-described "farm boy" from eastern Tennessee, Wright was regarded by those

**The Greatest Feet  
In Sports History.**

## A GREAT UNDERSTATEMENT BY JOCKEY

who knew him in America as a tough-as-nails competitor who didn't believe in hiding his feelings.

The Giants are something of a national institution in Japan. They are the oldest team, the winningest (12 pennants in the last 15 years) and by a million miles the most popular. Their games, all of which are nationally televised, get high ratings, and one out of two Japanese will tell you he is a Giant fan.

Their manager, Shigeo Nagashima, is the most beloved sports figure in the land. As a player he won a Central League-record six batting titles and was personally responsible for the most exciting moment in Japanese baseball history: a game-winning (or *sayonara*) home run in the only professional game Emperor Hirohito has ever attended. Sadaharu Oh plays for the Giants.

The Giants are the self-appointed custodians of national virtue. Popular belief has it that their players are neater, better mannered, more disciplined and more respectful than those of other clubs. Their way is in better taste. In early 1977, when one writer, a former Giant player turned magazine reporter, suggested otherwise in print, he was forever banned from the team clubhouse. Among his blasphemous revelations were: 1) Some Giant players did not like other players on the team; 2) A few players thought Nagashima could be a better manager; 3) Some younger Giants did not especially care for the Saturday night 10 p.m. curfew at the team dormitory; 4) Some Giant wives objected to the season-long "energy-conserving" rule forbidding them to have sexual relations with their husbands. Tame material as far as exposes go, but to the shoguns of Yomiuri, the Giant name had been desecrated, and someone had to pay.

Wright also faced the difficulty of being a foreigner on a team that traditionally liked to consider itself pure-blooded—Oh's Chinese ancestry and the few closet Koreans on the Giants notwithstanding. Wright was only the second non-Oriental *gaijin* to play for the team, and the sight of a fair-skinned American in a Giant uniform was a bit unsettling to the multitudes. Wright soon gave them reason to be even more unnerved. In the sixth inning of an early-season game, with the score tied 1-1, Wright allowed the first two batters to get on base. Nagashima walked out on the field to take

continued



### POCO® BRIEF

Low rise European styling features a unique 2-layer pouch and a fashion knit waistband. Solid colors in comfortable 100% combed cotton. Prints in 50% Kodol® polyester/50% combed cotton.

**JOCKEY**

The best is always better.



**FOR ALL YOU DO...  
THIS BUD'S FOR YOU.**





him out of the game. Few American managers would have removed him so abruptly. It was Nagashima's feeling, however, that Wright was getting weak, and that was that.

When Wright realized what was happening, he blew a gasket. To the horror of 50,000 fans at Tokyo's Korakuen Stadium and a Saturday night TV audience of millions, he brushed aside Nagashima's request for the ball and stalked off the mound, an angry scowl on his face. Halfway to the bench, he threw the ball against the dugout wall, cursed and disappeared into the clubhouse.

Once inside, he kicked over a trash can, ripped off his uniform, shredded it and flung it into the team bath. Amid a rapid-fire discharge of obscenities, he said something that the official team interpreter was able to understand, "Stupidest damn baseball I've ever seen. If this is the way the Giants treat their foreign ballplayers, I'm going. I've had it."

Nothing like this had ever happened on the Giants. Other teams had problems, but not the proud *Kyojin*. No one had ever shown this much disrespect for Nagashima. Crazy Wright, as he was instantly renamed by the press, became headline news in the sports dailies the next day. Letters, telegrams and phone calls poured into the Yomiuri offices. Outrageous! Inexcusable! Unforgivable! Wright should be sold. Released. Deported. Shot. Drawn and quartered. And not necessarily in that order.

Only Nagashima kept his cool. First, he patiently explained to his American pitcher that what he had done was not "stupid" baseball but simply the Japanese way of playing the game. It's a group effort. Then the manager faced the angry misses. There would be no disciplinary action. He was glad that Wright cared so much about winning. And he wished that some of his Japanese players would show as much fight.

Such benevolent words from the prince of Japanese baseball dissipated much of the public's antagonism toward Crazy Wright. It did not, however, pacify the front office. Management was not as eager as Nagashima-seen to let Western ways penetrate their organization. They issued a set of 10 rules of etiquette that Wright and every other American player the Giants might henceforth deem worthy of their uniform would be obliged to obey.

The Japanese press quickly gave it a name: The *Gaijin* Ten Commandments. This is how they went:

- 1) Obey all orders issued by the manager.
- 2) Do not criticize the strategy of the manager.
- 3) Take good care of your uniform.
- 4) Do not scream and yell in the dugout or destroy objects in the clubhouse.
- 5) Do not reveal team secrets to other foreign players.
- 6) Do not severely tease your teammates.
- 7) In the event of injury, follow the treatment prescribed by the team.
- 8) Be on time.
- 9) Do not return home during the season.
- 10) Do not disturb the harmony of the team.

Willie Davis, then a practicing Buddhist, thought it would be different for him. Davis was perhaps the best all-round American player ever to come to Japan. He was a 17-year

veteran of the major leagues and a former captain of the Los Angeles Dodgers. He had been an All-Star, he could run like a deer and hit and field with a grace and skill that few American big-leaguers, let alone Japanese, possessed. Even at 37, Davis could have continued to play in the U.S.—in fact, he has been a pinch hitter for the Angels this season—but when the chance to go to Japan came in 1977, he took it. Not for the money (\$100,000), he insisted, but "for the good of baseball."

Davis was a product of his times, of America's "quest for meaning." While others were exploring the wonders of Transactional Analysis, est and the like, Davis was a devout member of the Soka Gakkai, the Nichiren Buddhist sect that had America chanting. Because Japan was the birthplace of the Soka Gakkai, Davis assumed he would be right at home. It was a misguided assumption.

The religion's sacred chant, *namu Myoho renge-kyo*, was an important part of Davis' daily life. He did it faithfully, because it brought him inner peace. When he joined the Dragons, he naturally continued this practice—in the morning, at night, in his room, in the team bath and on the team bus. When not intoning the chant himself, he would play tapes of it on a portable cassette recorder.

Davis reasoned that the chanting would be music to his teammates' ears. Instead, it drove them nuts. They complained: there was no peace and quiet on the team; they couldn't sleep. The incantatory chant that supposedly would bring inner harmony to anyone who regularly intoned it was rapidly eroding the Dragons' collective *wa*.

What particularly annoyed the Japanese players was Davis' locker-room chanting. Before each game, he would pull out his beads, and off he'd go, "*namu Myoho renge-kyo, namu Myoho renge-kyo, namu Myoho renge-kyo*."

"He'd pray that he'd do well, that the team would win and that nobody would get hurt," his manager, a Japanese-Hawaiian named Wally Yonamine, says, "but it gave the others the feeling they were at a Buddhist funeral."

When the game began, Davis was a ball of fire—at least during the first half of the season. He was by far the most feared Dragon hitter, and on the base paths he displayed a flair the Japanese had never seen before. Nonetheless the team was in last place. Key players were injured, and the pitching was sub-par. Team *wa* was out of whack, and many Dragons blamed their American Buddhist for it.

It was more than the chanting, which Davis soon modified to please his teammates. There was, for example, the matter of his personal attire. Davis liked his Dragon training suit so much he had half a dozen made in different colors. He wore them in public, agitating club executives, who felt Davis was tarnishing the team's dignified image.

Davis would sometimes practice in stocking feet and he once appeared for a workout with his comedy wife, who was wearing hot pants and who jogged with him on the field. "It's so . . . unprofessional," one sportswriter observed. "Davis is destroying our team's spirit in training," grumbled a player. "We can't concentrate on what we're doing."

Several players complained that Davis had special privileges. They referred to him as "Davis, the King," and as "Davis, our precious black *gaijin*."

Yonamine was caught in the middle. "I'd try to tell them

*continued*

not to worry about it," he says. "Forget about how much money a man makes or how little he practices. What he does in the game is all that counts." Few Dragons were willing to accept that piece of American advice.

Davis' biggest liability was his gregariousness. "People didn't understand him," says a team official. "He was loud. He'd get excited. He'd yell a lot and wave his arms. It was all in English and people didn't have the faintest idea what he was saying, but it looked as though he was arguing."

Once he reproached a teammate for not attempting to score on a play that Davis had initiated. "Why didn't you try for home?" Davis shouted. That was the wrong thing to do, because the player was not only the team captain, but also a playing coach. In Japan, a player does not yell at a coach, much less question his judgment.

In August of 1977, when Davis had 25 home runs and a .306 batting average, he broke a wrist in a collision with the outfield fence. It put him out for the year. The Dragons immediately went on a winning streak. During the last two months of the season they had the best record in the league and missed finishing second by a hair.

"It's our pitching," Yonamine insisted. But if you listened to Dragon supporters and students of Japanese baseball, it was all because the team *wa* had been restored.

"I knew Willie as well as anyone," says Lefebvre, a teammate of Davis' on the Dodgers. "He had his quirks, but then we all do. He was named captain, and you're not chosen captain of a team like the Dodgers if you're a troublemaker. If you can't get along with Willie, you don't belong on a baseball team."

The Dragon front office apparently felt that it was Davis who didn't belong on a baseball team—at least not theirs. They traded him, and at the start of the following season the most exciting player ever to wear a Chunichi Dragon uniform was laboring in the backwaters of Fukuoka, contemplating the infinite and subtle mysteries of *wa* in between playing for the lowly Crown Lighter Lions.

Of course, not every American who comes to Japan wreaks havoc on his new team. There have been some, notably Felix Millan, Clete Boyer and George Altman, who did their best to please their Japanese hosts. In turn, the Japanese liked them, describing their demeanor as being *ma-jime*. It means serious, sober, earnest, steady, honest, faithful. They did everything that was asked of them. They kept their mouths shut, their feelings to themselves.

Some, like Boyer, paid a substantial price for the goodwill they engendered. The former Yankee fielding whiz had three reasonably good seasons for the Taiyo Whales, but in his fourth year, when he began to reach the end as a player, he ran smack up against the cultural wall.

Boyer decided that he needed to be used more sparingly, and he asked the club to rest him every third game. "I hit in the first two, but then I get tired," he explained. "I'd do a better job with an extra day off."

The team trainer argued that what Boyer needed was more rest but more training. Because he was older, the trainer reasoned, Boyer would have to work harder to keep up with the others. The team owner, after considering the probable reaction of the fans to an \$80,000-a-year *gaijin* sitting on the bench a third of the time, agreed with the train-

er. Boyer reluctantly acquiesced. In an effort to keep his energy level up, he took massive vitamin injections and worked very hard. Still, he finished the season hitting .230 and then retired to coaching. His goodwill, of course, remained intact.

Lefebvre, too, obeyed all the rules, yet he ended up incurring the largest fine in Japanese baseball history. His manager on the Lotte Orions, Masaoichi Kaneda, Japan's only 400-game winner and the "God of Pitching," had personally recruited and signed Lefebvre—to a multiyear contract worth \$100,000 a year—and had predicted that Lefebvre would win the Triple Crown. Lefebvre hit only .265 with 29 home runs his first season. Hampered by a leg injury, he fared even worse in succeeding years.

**K**aneda was so embarrassed that he resorted to open ridicule of his "star" in an effort to regain lost face. Once, after Lefebvre had committed a particularly damaging error, Kaneda apologized to the other players for the American's "poor play." Another time, after a similar misplay, Kaneda temporarily relegated his *gaijin* to a farm team.

Lefebvre tried logic in appealing to Kaneda. "Look, you won 400 games, right?" he said. "That makes you the winningest pitcher in Japanese history, right?"

"Right," Kaneda proudly replied.

"You also lost 250 games, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Then that also makes you the losingest pitcher in Japanese history."

"Yes, but . . ."

"But, what? Don't you see? Even the greatest in the game have bad times. Give me a break, will you?"

But Kaneda kept up the pressure. And the unhappy Lefebvre endured it until his fifth season. After being summarily removed from the lineup in the middle of an important game, Lefebvre finally lost control. Walking back to the bench, he threw his glove at the dugout wall, producing a rather loud *whack*.

Kaneda, sitting nearby, assumed that Lefebvre had thrown the glove at him. He sprang to his feet and raised his fists. "You want to fight me?" he yelled. Lefebvre, who saw his playing career rapidly coming to an end anyway, stepped forward to meet the challenge. Coaches intervened, but after the game Kaneda levied a \$10,000 fine against his American "troublemaker" and suspended him.

"It was a big game, and I wanted to stay in it," says Lefebvre, "but what made me even madder was the way Kaneda took me out. He waited until I'd finished my infield warmups, then he came and waved me out. That's embarrassing. But I certainly wasn't trying to throw the glove at him. It missed him by five feet."

Kaneda wasn't interested in Lefebvre's version of the incident. If he had misunderstood his *gaijin*'s intentions, perhaps others on the team had as well. What would they think if it appeared that the "God of Pitching" tolerated that sort of behavior?

Refused a private audience with Kaneda, Lefebvre took his case to the public. He called a press conference. Yes, he had lost his temper. That he regretted. But, no, he was not

*continued*

# U.S. GOVERNMENT REPORT: CARLTON LOWEST.

Box or Menthol:

**10 Carlton have  
less tar than 1:**

	Tar mg./cig.	Nicotine mg./cig.		Tar mg./cig.	Nicotine mg./cig.
Kent	12	0.9	Salem Lights	10	0.8
Kool Milds	14	0.9	Vantage	11	0.8
Marlboro Lights	12	0.8	Vantage Menthol	11	0.8
Merit	8	0.6	Winston Lights	13	0.9
Merit Menthol	8	0.6			

Of all brands, lowest...

Carlton Box: less than 0.5 mg. tar  
and 0.05 mg. nicotine av. per  
cigarette, FTC Report May '78.

	Tar mg./cig.	Nicotine mg./cig.
Carlton Soft Pack	1	0.1
Carlton Menthol	less than 1	0.1
Carlton Box	less than 0.5	0.05

## Carlton is lowest.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Less than  
1 mg. tar,  
0.1 mg. nicotine.



Box: Less than 0.5 mg. "tar", 0.05 mg. nicotine, Soft Pack and Menthol: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78.



The last-second TD...the crucial RBI...the stunning KO...they're all covered in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.

We're right there when it happens. And because we're there, you're there. Reliving that crushing tackle...that scorching ace...that circus catch...reliving all

the color, spirit and excitement of your favorite sport. Through SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's vivid photography and fast-paced writing that puts you right in the thick of the action.

Football, baseball, basketball, hockey. Golf, tennis, boxing,

yachting, skiing, track. We've got them covered. Like no one else.

Use the card to order your subscription or call us toll-free at 800-621-8200. (In Illinois call 800-972-8302.) Today

**Sports Illustrated**  
IN A LEAGUE BY ITSELF

# WE COVER YOUR FAVORITE SPORT..

guilty as charged. A standard fine of 50,000 yen (about \$250) he could understand. But there was no way he would pay the outrageous sum of \$10,000. There was no way he could pay it. Kaneda was just getting back at him for his failure to win the Triple Crown. Or Kaneda was making him the scapegoat for everything else that was wrong on the team. Or, perhaps, Kaneda was simply taking this opportunity to demonstrate his skills as a "gajin timer." *Whatever the reason, Lefebvre wasn't going to take it all lying down.*

When Kaneda heard that he was being openly opposed, he called his own press conference and vowed that Lefebvre would "never, ever again wear the uniform of the Lote Orions."

Lefebvre was in jambo for weeks, while the coaching staff and management covertly worked to find a solution. At one stage they suggested secretly dropping the fine but making an announcement that Lefebvre had paid it. As long as Kaneda, and his public, didn't know the truth, they concluded, Kaneda's ego and image would suffer no damage. Lefebvre refused. He had his own ego and his own image to worry about. He appealed to a highly placed baseball official in the U.S., whom he refuses to identify. The official made a call to Kaneda and the next day the fine was quietly dropped. Lefebvre was allowed to put his uniform back on.

In the 18 years since Don Newcombe and Lurry Doby became the first ex-major-leaguers to play in Japan, non-season has passed without a controversial incident involving a *gajin* player. Last year's "villain," for example, was a former San Diego reserve infielder named John Sipin, who twice during the season took exception to criticisms apparently aimed at his person and engaged the offending pitcher in hand-to-hand combat. After the second melee Sipin was hit with a three-day suspension, fined 100,000 yen (\$500) and castigated by the press for his "barbaric" behavior. One sports-page editorial likened his conduct to that of a *yakuza* (Japanese gangster), while another called Sipin a throwback to the days of the U.S. military occupation when, to hear some Japanese tell it, American GIs regularly roamed the streets beating up on the local citizenry.

"If Sipin doesn't want to get hit by the ball," said one commentator, "he should jump out of the way. There is no place for fighting on the field." In the face of such reasoning, Sipin had no recourse but to acknowledge his sins and promise to mend his ways.

Japanese team officials have understandably grown weary of the perennial conflicts wrought by their foreign imports and in recent years have tried to be more selective in signing Americans. Character investigations have become a standard part of the recruiting process, and more and more managers are going for those quiet, even-tempered types who keep their feelings to themselves and fit into the Japanese system. The 1979 crop of 24 *gajin* (there is a limit of two per team) is the most agreeable, mildest-mannered group of foreign players ever to play in Japan. It includes Wayne Garrett, Felix Millan, Lee Stanton and Carlos May, as well as a number of unknowns who never quite

made it in the majors. There is even an American manager, Don Blasingame. Collectively they are so subdued that one American player's wife says, "This is the best-behaved bunch of ballplayers I've ever been around, either here or in the States. I just can't believe it."

Garrett, a former Met, is so obliging that he agreed to get up at 7:30 and join his teammates in their daily "morning walk." Stanton, late of the Angels and Mariners, amiably allowed the Hanshin Tiger batting coach to change his batting style. May, an ex-White Sox and Yankee, is so low key that some fans can't believe he's American.

Millan, a former Brave and Met, has been the quintessence of propriety. When he arrived last spring for his second year as a Taiyo Whale, he politely refused an offer to let him train as he wished and instead endured all the rigors of a Japanese pre-season camp with his teammates. When he was benched on opening day, he sat quietly in the dugout, a shy smile on his face, intently watching the action. When he got his chance to play a week later, he went 4 for 4, won his spot back, and of late has been leading the league with a .354 average.

Davey Hilton, a former Padre, is setting new highs in cross-cultural "understanding." Last year's Central League All-Star second baseman and a hero of the Japan Series, he undertook an off-season weight-training program and arrived in camp this season a proud 20 pounds heavier. He was immediately accused by his suspicious manager of loafing during the winter, reprimanded for being "overweight" and told to reduce. A few days later he developed a sore arm and asked permission to ease up in fielding practice. He was coldly informed that no one got special treatment and was cautioned not to let his American head get too big for his Japanese cap. To top things off, after getting only two hits in his first three games of the season, he was benched and was ordered to take extra batting practice and to alter his batting stance. Through it all Hilton remained calm. "This is Japan," he told himself. "They do things differently here." Predictably, his average began to climb. By mid-season he was over .300, out of the doghouse and on his way to becoming an All-Star again.

Japanese observers are somewhat baffled by this outbreak of civility. One reporter speculated, "It must be the sagging dollar, the recession in the U.S. Americans have it good here, and they're afraid of losing what they have." American players, who pay both Japanese and U.S. income taxes and who win at such Japanese prices as \$50 for a steak dinner, attribute their good manners to other factors: adaptability and a new awareness of cultural differences.

Whatever the reason, the new tranquility is certainly producing results. Americans are having their best year. Twelve of them are batting better than .300, and the affable Chuck Manuel, an ex-Minnesota sub, is leading the Pacific League in home runs, despite having been sidelined for 58 days with a broken jaw.

Of course, a Reggie Jackson might look down his nose at the accomplishments of Manuel and his confreres—given the smaller parks and the slightly inferior level of play in Japan. But with his stormy background, it is doubtful that Jackson-san, in spite of his considerable abilities, will ever be invited to come over and prove he can do better. **END**

# FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Sept. 10-16

Compiled by BILL COLSON

**PRO FOOTBALL**—Both off-season Super Bowl champions ended their careers in similar fashion. A 20-year field goal by Pittsburgh rookie Mike Bahr with 11 seconds remaining gave the Steelers, who had trailed by two touchdowns in the third period, a 26-17 win over St. Louis. Roger Staubach threw three touchdowns passes, including a 22-yarder to Tony Stewart with 1:53 left in play, to lead Dallas to a 24-10 victory over Chicago. The loss dropped the Bears a game back of division rival Tampa Bay, which has won three straight for the first time in its 49-year history. The Ravens upset the Oilers 17-10 behind the running of rookie Jerry Eckwood, who was for 99 yards, and Ricky Bell (97 yards and two TDs). In Sunday's only other upset, Philadelphia knocked off New Orleans 29-14 in the Eagle defense held the league's most productive offense to 275 total yards and Terry Francklin threw four field goals. Denver's Jon Turner booted a 24-yarder with 6:15 gone in overtime to lift the Broncos to a 20-17 win over previously undefeated Atlanta. With 17 seconds remaining in regulation play, the Falcons' Tom Mackenzen missed a 31-yard attempt. In Cleveland, Cost Kicker Tony Labin also missed a field goal try, from 28 yards, with one second remaining, which would have won the game over overtime. Instead Don Cochran's three-point attempt and 30 seconds earlier gave the undefeated Browns a 13-10 win. Paved by Earl Campbell, who gained 131 yards on 12 carries, and J. C. Watson and Mike Rozell, who had two interceptions apiece, Houston rolled over Kansas City 20-6. Sacramento for the injured Dan Fouts, Dave Quarterback Gifford Wallace completed 12 of 18 passes for 173 yards and one TD in his first pro start. Miami also had to rely on its No. 2 quarterback after Bob Griese left the game with a 30 fumble in the third quarter with a muscle pull in his leg. Don Strick led five of seven carries, two of which were for fourth-quarter touchdowns, to rally the Dolphins to a 27-12 triumph over Minnesota. The city's tightest action game was waged in Seattle, where Oakland's Ken Stabler completed 25 of 37 attempts for 343 yards and the Seahawks' Tim Lincecum for 13 of 22 for 277 yards. Steve Largent caught five of seven passes in Seattle, which has now won three straight from the Raiders, ended up on top by a score of 27-10. Winkie Walzer finished in six games for 177 yards, and Kevin Long scored three times to lead the Jets to a 31-10 triumph of the Redskins and their first victory. San Diego got a come-from-behind win over Buffalo as Clarence Williams picked up 157 yards on 18 carries, one had a touchdown and returned TDs. In other games, Los Angeles edged Cincinnati 27-24, New England defeated Cincinnati 20-14 and, on Monday night, Arizona overcame the Eagles 14-10.

**GOLF**—The U.S. retained the Ryder Cup with a 17-11 victory over United Kingdom-based teams in White Sulphur Springs, W. Va. (page A1)

Rookie **JOHN FOUGHT** defeated Jim Simons with a par 3 on the second extra hole to win the \$10,000 Jack-Goodenrich Open in Grand Blaine, Minn. The victory was Fought's first on the PGA tour. Simons and he finished regulation play at 280, eight under par.

**ANN WASHAM** and **NANCY LOPEZ** won the \$10,000 LPGA team championship in Portland by one stroke over Susan Bleming and Carrie Jo Seale. The winners finished with a 21 under-par 198 for the 54-hole best-ball event.

**HARNESS RACING**—Unseeded **NIATROAS** (52:80), with Cliff Guthrie at the reins, won the \$200,000 Kentucky Futurity at Louisville. Bowed by 4th length over Dan Hoover. The 2-year-old covered the mile in 1:58 1/2.

**CHIEFA HANDYVER** (53:40), driven by Jim Allen, finished 2 1/2 lengths ahead of Crown's Christy to win the \$112,000 Colonial Turf at Liberty Bell in Philadelphia. The 3-year-old was tried in 2:03 1/2 for the mile.

**HORSE RACING**—**ROCKHILL NATIVE** (53:40), John Graham up, won the \$163,250 Futurity in Belmont Park by four lengths over Spartan. The 2-year-old covered the seven furlongs in 1:22.

**GOLDEN ACT** (53:40), ridden by Sandy Hawley, defeated Smarten by two lengths to win the \$83,935 Lawrence Realization at Belmont. The colt covered the 1 1/2 miles in 2:27 1/2.

**MOTOR SPORTS**—**BOBBY UNSER** averaged 175.211 mph in a Porsche 917 C. Conversely, he won the \$75,000 Gould Grand Prix in Brooklyn, Mich. It was his sixth day-care victory of the season. Tom Sorens was second in a McLaren C-20, with a 154.800 mph.

Averaging 184.346 on a Chevrolet, **RICHARD PETTY** won the CAC Chevrolet 500 at Dover Downs (DE). In an unusual Speedway by the name of a car length over Danny Allison, also in a Chevrolet.

**SOCCER**—**ASL**, Sacramento defeated Columbus 1-0 for the championship. Rights Winger Les Filby, the league's top scorer this season with 14 goals and 17 assists, got the winning score in the 83rd minute from 18 yards out after taking a pass from Trevor Dawkins and dribbling

the ball 40 yards. The game was played in Columbus before a crowd of 9,378, the third largest in the league's 42-year history.

**TENNIS**—In Davis Cup play, the U.S. defeated Argentina 4-1 in Memphis to win the American Zone.

**BLAISE JEAN KING** upset Evonne Cawley, Country Club, 6-4, 7-5 to win the \$10,000 Torrey Pines Invitational in Tokyo.

**MARTY RIJKSEN** and **SHERWOOD STEWART** won the \$40,000 ATP World Doubles Tournament in the Woodlands, Texas over Bob Caruana and Tim Gull-Young. Rijsen and Stewart won 6-3, 1-2, 2-6 when Caruana hit a savage injury to his right knee and was forced to retire.

**ELIJAH TELTSCHER** won the \$50,000 Atlanta Journal-Constitution Open with a 6-3, 4-6, 6-2 victory of John Alexander.

**TRACK & FIELD**—**PETRO MENNIA** of Italy broke the world record for the 200-meter dash at the World University Games in Mexico City. His time of 19.73 seconds was 1/10 of a second faster than the mark Tommie Smith of the United States set on the same track at the 1968 Olympics. The Soviet Union finished with 18 medals (14 gold, 25 silver, 10 bronze). The U.S., which placed second, and 40 more than third-place Romania.

**WRESTLING**—**STREPT OF TITLE** By the World Wrestling Association, light heavyweight champion **VICTOR GALINDELZ** for allegedly breaking a contract to defend his crown on Sept. 15 against Marvin Johnson.

**SUSPENDED** By the New Jersey Athletic Commission for two and three months, respectively, were **ADAM RUFFALO** and rapper **NICKI BELL**, for using an illegal substance to elude a cut above the 120 lb of WBA. Light heavyweight champion **Matthew Saad** withdrew during his fight with a cut above against John Cantello. The substance, reportedly ground-up rat liver, was not officially identified.

**TRADED** By the Los Angeles Lakers, **Forward ADRIAN DANLEY**, 33, who has scored 79.9 points a game for Buffalo, Indiana and the Lakers during his three-year NBA career, to the Utah Jazz for **Forward SPENCER HAYWOOD**, 30, who has a 23.0-point average over 100 games, during which he has played for four clubs.

## CREDITS

**10-16**—Hank Karpman **10-16**—Marty Miller **10-16**—John L. Var **10-16**—John L. Var **10-16**—John L. Var

## FACES IN THE CROWD



**FRANK MARAKOVY III**  
Middlefield, Pa.

Marakovsky, 20, a center-fielder for the Palmer Township (Pa.) Pirates, batted .469 to win the Blue Mountain baseball league hitting title. In 29 games he had 45 hits, led the league in triples with five and scored 36 runs.



**ELLIE CODDIE**  
Blauvelt, N.Y.

Coddige, 18, won the North American Junior Three-Day Event championship in Hanover, Mass. Riding her blue-blooded Timotey, she defeated 46 competitors in the dressage, speed and endurance, and stadium jumping events.



**GALEN BEER**  
Palm Beach, N.J.

Galen, a sixth-grader, set three state 80-and-under swimming records at the New Jersey AAU Junior Olympic Local Course Championships. She won the 100-meter freestyle (1:09.77), the 200-meter (2:25.34) and the 100 butterfly (1:19.30).



**PAUL EASTMAN**  
Greenville, S.C.

Eastman, a 72-year-old retired fisherman, sailed the 25-foot hoop Julie, the smallest boat in the field of 31, to victory in the 29th annual Maine Retired Skippers Race in Castine. His boat previous finisher, at seven times had been a third.



**ROGER BAMROUGH**  
Ocala, Fla.

Bamrough, 37, a computer technician, had three holes in one within six weeks at the White Horse Country Club in Pleasant View, Utah. His 11-handicapper scored the 155-yard 13th hole twice as well as the 145-yard 2nd hole.



**WARREN DEL**  
Nashville, Mo.

Warren, 11, led the Maggard Insurance Co. team to a 15-1 record and the Sedalia Khoury Soccer League into the central district had 41 goals and 22 assists in 16 games. He has now played for five straight Khoury League champions.

# ARE YOU A HEALTHY AMERICAN?

**The Healthy American Plan from Allstate Life.  
It means a healthy discount  
on your life insurance.**

If you don't smoke, and can pass our Healthy American physical, we'll give you a 5% premium discount on our new whole life policy.\*

When you consider that our premiums on whole life insurance are already low, this 5% discount really means big value.

**We think it's only fair.**

Just as your Allstate Agent has provided discounts on auto insurance and homeowner's insurance, he can now offer you a discount on life insurance, too.

**How do you start?**

Just see your Allstate Agent and ask about our Healthy American Plan.

You can enjoy healthy savings if you qualify.

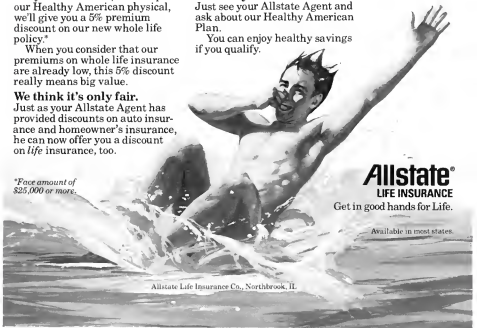
\*Face amount of \$25,000 or more.

**Allstate®**  
LIFE INSURANCE

Get in good hands for Life.

Available in most states.

Allstate Life Insurance Co., Northbrook, IL



# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

## FOOTBALL FEVER

Sir:

I enjoyed John Papanek's article on the Heisman Trophy candidates (*Running for the Vore*, Sept. 10). USC's Charles White is a good running back, but Oklahoma's Billy Sims is a great one. However, in your scouting reports on the Top 20, you have Oklahoma ranked 10th! Oklahoma is O.K. enough to be No. 1.

CHARLES BILLINGSLEY  
Norman, Okla.

Sir:

By looking at your Sept. 10 cover I can tell that the Heisman is leaning toward Sims.

MARC KRASNER  
New York City

Sir:

I see that Charles White and Billy Sims are arguing over who will have the privilege of presenting the Heisman Trophy to Mark Herrmann of Purdue, the real No. 1 team in the country.

DENNIS HUFFMAN  
Indianapolis

Sir:

I found only one mistake in your college football issue. You had an extra "1" showing when you ranked Michigan No. 11.

KEVIN BENNETT  
Kalamazoo, Mich.

Sir:

Leaving Michigan State out of your Top 20 was a big mistake.

JAY GILL  
Oremos, Mich.

## FLYING MASCOT

Sir:

We found your article *The Beasty Days of Autumn* (Sept. 10) very entertaining. However, it seems that you have omitted the only live animal mascot in the entire NCAA that does more than just run around. The Air Force Academy falcon, reared and trained by cadets, demonstrates its skills by flying free around the stadium and diving after a lure during halftime of both home and away football games. We are very proud of our mascot here at the Academy and consider it much more exciting than the likes of bloodhounds, bulldogs and buffalo.

CADET SCOTT DIERING  
CADET MARTY FRANCE  
CADET MICHAEL PAYLOFF  
USAF Academy, Colo.

## INDISPENSABLES

Sir:

Paul Zimmerman has pronounced Bert Jones of the Colts and Earl Campbell of the Oilers the only two indispensable players in the NFL (Oh, No, Not Again! Sept. 10). Although I question the indispensability of any man in the NFL, certainly Walter Payton of the Bears, Terry Bradshaw of the Steelers and Bob Griese of the Dolphins are of comparable value to their respective teams. Cowboy fans could argue that Roger Staubach is equally indispensable, but we all know the only ones who are truly indispensable at Texas Stadium are the Dallas cheerleaders.

SCOTT ITTERSAGEN  
Englewood, Fla.

## THIS SIDE OF LIVERPOOL

Sir:

Clive Gammon's account of the Cosmos-Vancouver Whitecaps NASL National Conference Championship series (*It Was a Caricature of Cosmic Proportion*, Sept. 10) was nothing short of thrilling. He clearly has his finger on the pulse of international soccer, and his indifference to the hype that pervades most American sport is heartening. I'm sure that soccer will one day be the sport of all the world, including the U.S.—and that day will come soon if we can continue to depend on Gammon for some of the best reporting this side of Liverpool.

DICK RAMSAY  
Indianapolis

Sir:

If Clive Gammon believes that the Vancouver Whitecaps' victory over the "arrogant" Cosmos was a vindication of his beloved English-style soccer, he is sadly mistaken. The Cosmos still have the best players and the most exciting soccer this side of Liverpool. The word arrogance describes only those who would belittle an organization for making it all possible. There would be no Vancouver Whitecaps, no North American Soccer League and, for that matter, no need for biased soccer analysts without the Cosmos.

WILLIAM J. GALLICANO, M.D.  
New Rochelle, N.Y.

Address editorial mail to **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**,  
Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center,  
New York, New York, 10020

## ROYE, LARSEN | 1899-1979

**R**oy E. Larsen, former vice-chairman of Time Inc.'s board of directors and long one of the most influential men in publishing, died last week in Fairfield, Conn. at the age of 80. From the company's inception in 1922 until his retirement last April, Larsen was more responsible for the progress of Time Inc. than anyone except founders Britton Hadden and Henry Luce. In a wide variety of executive roles, including 21 years as company president, Larsen oversaw the growth of TIME, FORTUNE, LIFE, and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. He was also chiefly responsible for launching our Oscar-winning newsreel series, *The March of Time*.

Not the least of Larsen's interests was SI.

In 1954 he queried a group of TIME readers in Minnesota about whether they would subscribe to a national sports magazine. "Larsen's package included a miniature SI in dummy type, about the size of a 3 x 5 card," says SI Art Director Richard Gangel, who designed those mini-magazines. "The response was very good, and we went ahead with SI on that basis."

SI appealed to what Larsen called his "amateur spirit." He defined this as "a sense of wonder, adventure and fun." A fitness buff long before it became fashionable, Larsen could do 20 one-handed push-ups in a row. He was also concerned with preserving the environment. In 1965 he organized the Nantucket Conservation Fund to solicit land donations and outbid developers for tracts. Larsen set the pace with a donation of 513 acres, and the

foundation went on to donate 83 more parcels, or about 16% of the island's area.

In 1973 Larsen was elected to the board of the Nature Conservancy, a wildlife management group. Within five years he had persuaded businesses to create a 220-member advisory board that, through purchases and donations, accumulates land to be left undeveloped. In tribute to Larsen, Time Inc. subsidiary Temple-Easton gave the conservancy a 2,000-acre tract in East Texas now known as the Roy E. Larsen Sandhills Sanctuary.

Conservation, Larsen once said, "is not just a luxury, but is absolutely necessary to the sanity of generations to follow." That is a view SI has always subscribed to, and Roy Larsen's strong and active support of it is a special reason why this magazine and environmentalists everywhere deeply mourn his passing.



# THE MORE ADVANCED YOU GET THE MORE ADVANCED IT GETS.

**The fully automatic OM-10. It's ready for full exposure control when you are.**

That time could come sooner than you think.

Maybe you can't picture it now, but you will after a few months with the Olympus OM-10.

That's when you'll start to find out just how much this fully automatic, focus-and-shoot SLR, which does just about everything for you, can really do for you.

To begin with, unique among automatic SLR's in this price category, it gives you the option of dispensing with automatic.

Which is exactly what you'll want to do when you become advanced enough to want more control.

And to do it you just attach the optional full exposure control device.

This adapter permits you to switch your OM-10 automatic into an OM-10 with full exposure control speeds from 1-1/1000 sec.

On full exposure control or automatic, there's one other thing the OM-10 does for you. It gives you access to the biggest and still growing compact SLR System in the world. The Olympus System. With its three frames-per-second winder, its flash, its zoom, telephoto, wide angle and fisheye lenses. For a start.

If you're interested in the kind of fully automatic camera a professional can appreciate, write for our detailed brochure.

Olympus, Woodbury, N.Y. 11797.



The fully automatic  
OM-10 35 SLR.



The OM-10 with optional  
full exposure control device.

# OLYMPUS om10

**Your deck isn't ready for  
the ultimate cassette tape.**



# Introducing the first line of decks that are.



2S-18,000 Hz  $\pm$  3dB at -20VU with metal tape, 70dB signal-to-noise ratio, 6dB hotter output than ferrichrome.

The reason we can offer you SIX metal tape-compatible decks with specs like these, is all in the heads. Sen-Alloy heads. With better high frequency characteristics than the Sen-Dust most of our competitors use, Sen-Alloy just happens to record and erase metal tape perfectly.

So while our competitors have had to struggle with little problems like designing heads that could handle metal tape, we've had a head start towards packing our metal decks with more state-of-the-art features.

Our new "X-cut" Sen-Alloy record head extends bass response to lower than your woofers may go: 25Hz!

Our unique double-gap Sen-Alloy erase head gets 60dB erasure on metal tape at the critical 400 Hz level.

Our 8 E.S.T. computer automatically finetunes deck bias, equalization and

sensitivity to tape in less than 30 seconds.

Spectro-Peak and Multi-Peak L.E.D. indicators record 100 times faster than meters so you can make perfect, undistorted recordings.

How much does it cost to replace the weak link in your system with a JVC metal deck?

As little as \$299, and no more than \$750, suggested retail price.

After all, now that your ears are ready for metal tape, your pocket-book ought to be too.

For the name of your nearest JVC dealer, call

800-221-7502 toll-free (in NY State, 212-476-8300). Or write to US JVC Corp., S8-7S Queens Midtown Expressway, Maspeth, NY 11378.



The Double-Gap Sen-Alloy erase head and X-cut Sen-Alloy record head.

Shown: KD-A6 2nd 2nd: MP11 E.D. x BEST, X-cut/Stereo/play head Sinter head, selected controls, Super APTS, Freq. resp. 25-17K\* S/W 60dB\*\* w/2 0.005% KD-A6 2nd 2nd: MP11 E.D. x SA rec. erase hds. Sinter, Super APTS, Freq. resp. 20-18K\* S/W 60dB\*\* w/10-04% KD-A6 2nd 2nd: X-cut/SA rec./play hds. Sinter/erase hds. x 10 MP11 E.D. x Super APTS, pre-const. 2S-17K\* Freq. resp. S/W 60dB\*\* w/10-04% Not Shown: KD-77 2nd 2nd: Sinter, Sinter, Super APTS, KD-AT 2nd 2nd: X-cut/Stereo/play/SA erase hds. set const. 2-01 Duores 10 band SpectroPeak mtr. Super APTS KD-A3 2nd 2nd: MP11 E.D. x Sinter, erase hds. Super APTS

\*x 3dB @ 20VU

\*\*Without noise reduction. (APTS adds 15dB @ 50kHz)

**JVC**  
US JVC CORP.

**Now you're ready for JVC.**

# Taste a Triumph. Surprising satisfaction at only 3 mg. tar.

With new Flavor-Intensified™ Triumph, the taste comes through abundantly, the smoke reaches you smoothly, pack after pack.

If you've tried one of the very low tar cigarettes, and found you just couldn't stay with it, you'll understand why Triumph is quite an achievement. The first cigarette that gives you *satisfying* taste at only 3 mg. tar.

#### Smooth, easy draw.

With Triumph, even the draw is a surprise. There's none of the struggle you may have experienced in other very low tar brands. You don't have to *pull*—you just *puff* on Triumph. The pleasure is effortless.

#### No gimmicks, no miracles.

The crux of it: Instead of searching for some yet unimagined answer, Lorillard scientists decided to take a more sensible tack.

Why not, they said, take everything we've learned about cigarettes, and push that technology further than we've ever pushed it before.

#### Delivering taste, limiting tar.

We found that combining two types of filter fiber produces the best combination of taste and draw.

That tiny "vents" in the rim of the filter work to smooth the taste.

That lower-leaf tobaccos tend to be milder and lower in tar than those at the top of the plant.

In short, everything we could find that might *intensify* flavor at 3 mg. tar, was built into Triumph.

#### Taste you can stay with.

What it all comes down to is this: Triumph, at only 3 mg. tar, gives you a taste so satisfying, we believe you'll never want to go back to your old cigarette.



# TRIUMPH®

One of the lowest tar cigarettes you can smoke.  
The one with taste enough to stay with.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

3 mg "tar" 0.4 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method